CDC

NATIONAL REVIEW

35 Cents

January 29, 1963

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

U. S. Cuban Policy: Illusion and Reality

DAVID LOWENTHAL

The Crisis Syndrome

GEORGE HARTUNG

Martyrdom as a Possibility

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

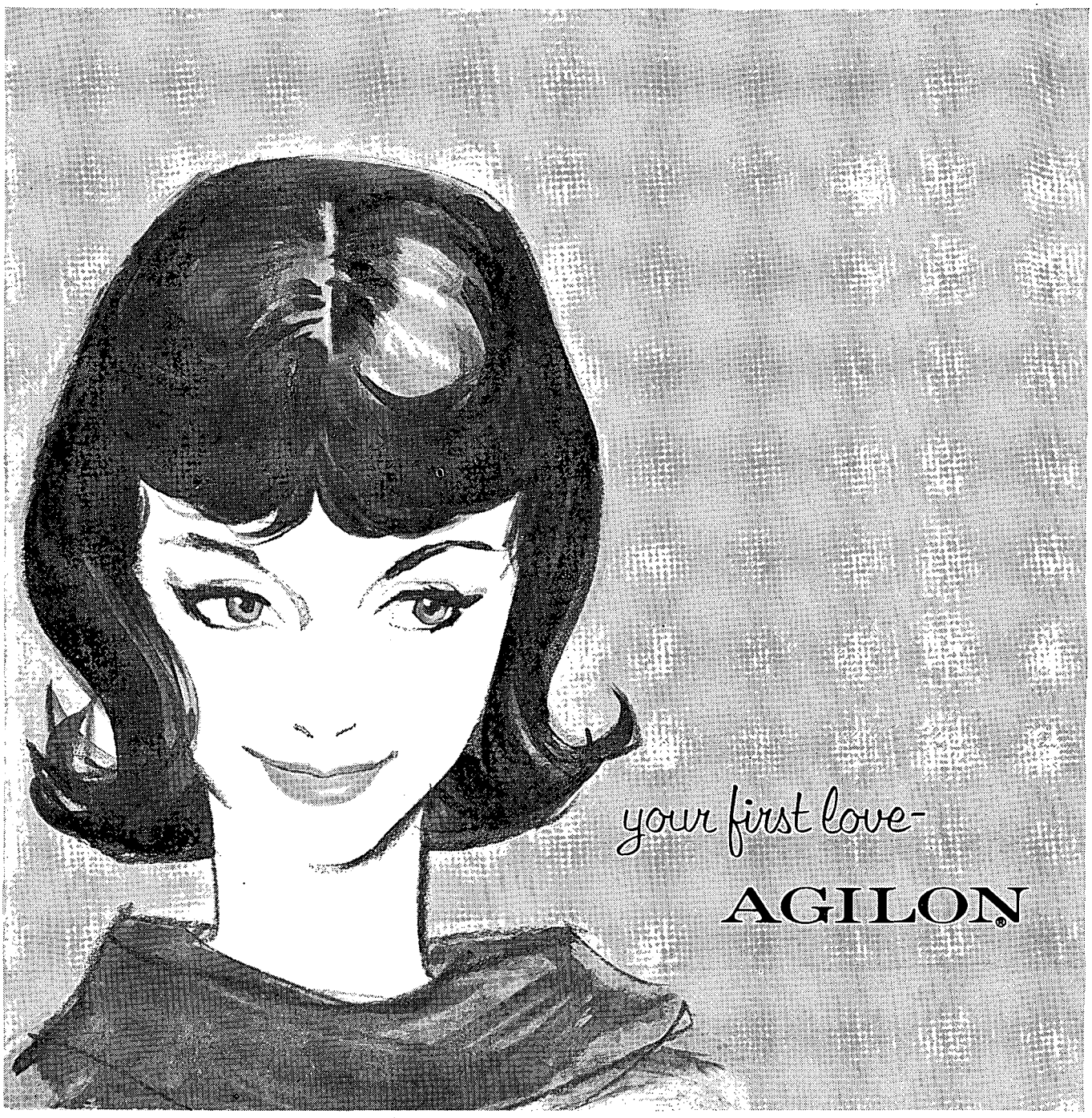
Articles and Reviews by . . . . . M. STANTON EVANS

RUSSELL KIRK · AARON H. BROWN · JEAN-MARC DUFOUR

VINCENT MILLER · NOEL STOCK · PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

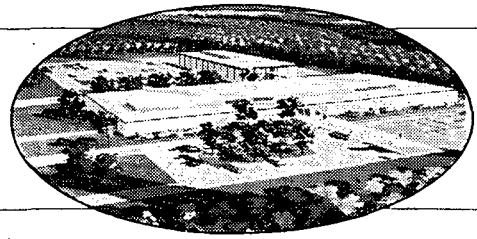
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEXTILE RESEARCH PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN OUR FUTURE ECONOMY



The active young Miss will always be trim and neat with Miss Mary Grey AGILON® hosiery. Knit to teenage proportions and with AGILON yarn which insures comfort, ease of care, and perfect fit. She will love them, always.

Deering Milliken, Inc., 1045 Sixth Avenue, New York 18, New York



Deering Milliken Research Corp., Spartanburg, S. C.

America's largest, most modern research facilities devoted exclusively to textile research.

®"AGILON" is a registered trademark of Deering Milliken Research Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe,
Morrie Ryskind, Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, David Franke,
J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner,
Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews,
Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano,
W. H. von Dreele, Richard M. Weaver,
Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS JANUARY 29, 1963 VOL. XIV, NO. 4

THE WEEK 51

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

Mrs. Roosevelt, RIP .....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 58
From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 59
Toujours, la Sale Guerre .....*James Burnham* 60
U.S. Cuban Policy: Illusion and Reality
David Lowenthal 61
It's "Bogus"—But Is It Featherbedding?
Aaron H. Brown 64
From a Cuban Journal .....*Jean-Marc Dufour* 65
The "Spiegel" Affair .....*E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn* 67
The People *v.* Teachers' Associations ...*Russell Kirk* 68
An Appalling Indifference .....*Sir Arnold Lunn* 69
The Coming Crisis in ——— .....*George Hartung* 70
To the Editor 83

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Is There a Stalemate? .....*M. Stanton Evans* 73
Obfuscation of the Obvious .....*Vincent Miller* 74
The Precision of T. S. Eliot .....*Noel Stock* 76
. . . As Kansas in Autumn .....*Priscilla L. Buckley* 78
Journey Without Compass .....*Judith Coxe* 79
Books in Brief 80

VERSE

Two Poems .....*Charles Tomlinson* 72

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). Copyright 1963 in the U.S.A., by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ **David Lowenthal,** professor of political science at Wheaton and former student of the distinguished Professor Leo Strauss, announces that the time has come for analysis to set in; accordingly, he reviews the Cuban crisis of last October in the light of the most pertinent question of all: In terms of what Khrushchev knows we *might* have done, and gotten away with doing, did we really act so as to impress him? . . . During those tense days in October, **Jean-Marc Dufour,** a French journalist, was living in Cuba. He describes the kind of ordeal that is; and the amazing frankness with which the people expressed to him their loathing for Castro. . . . And **George Hartung** provides us with a handy form for future use in discussing the impending crisis in *any* country. Journalists need only check appropriate words and fill in the blank spaces.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** thinks some afterthoughts about Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . **James Burnham** writes about the dirty war in South Vietnam and predicts that we'll lose it, just as the French before us did—or we'll have to reach for another basic strategy. He suggests no less than five—all of them, to be sure, unappealing to the New Frontier, inasmuch as they call for victory.

➔ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** back home after going around the world in 80 days, tells us exactly why the *Spiegel* affair was so engrossing to Germans. . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** describes a recent effort by the educationists to punish a group of educators. Mr. Kirk is still in Europe, where he feels freer to dress in his unconventional raiment, a favorite article of which is a tatterdemalion tweed cloak which he takes everywhere—including, recently, to the opera house at Milan. There an attendant sought to stop him, but Mr. Kirk's Italian companion drew him aside and whispered that he was interfering with Nobility. Instantly the attendant bowed, and obsequiously made way for Kirk who, drawing his cloak about him, proceeded down the aisle. "Who is he?" whispered the attendant. "The Duke of Mecosta," whispered his friend. . . . Sir **Arnold Lunn,** back in Switzerland after a speaking tour in the United States, writes eloquently about the plight of Christians behind the Iron Curtain, and suggests the world's humanitarians concern themselves at least as much with them, as with James Meredith.

➔ **Stan Evans** celebrates the publication of Congressman Laird's extraordinary book, *A House Divided.* . . . **Vincent Miller** despairs politely over the jargonization of thought in the social sciences. . . . **Noel Stock,** who lives in Italy and writes free lance on many subjects, explains the special place of T. S. Eliot which, however, is outside the British Establishment. . . . **Priscilla Buckley,** who is touring in the Far East, reviewed *Mr. President* before leaving . . . and **Judith Coxe,** wife of Donald, reports on the movie version of *Long Day's Journey into Night.* Fascinating. ➔

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Limbo in American Schools

If the textbooks are any measure of how much genuine literature our children read during their school years, there may be good reason to believe that our literary heritage is in danger of being destroyed, says Arther S. Trace Jr. in the Winter Number of *The University Bookman.*

". . . the survey of the textbooks used in our schools forces upon us the conclusions, then, that 1) the elementary school readers together with the typical junior high literature textbooks do not give a student any more knowledge of literature or of his literary heritage than he can put in his eye, and 2) what literature he is able to find in his high school literature textbooks is much too little and comes much too late. . . . Clearly, the establishment of an adequate literary program in our schools will depend heavily upon the cooperation of school authorities in general and those in charge of choosing the textbooks in particular."

Every National Review magazine subscriber will receive *The University Bookman,* free. Others may subscribe at two dollars a year for the four issues. Write Editor, *The University Bookman,* Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York.

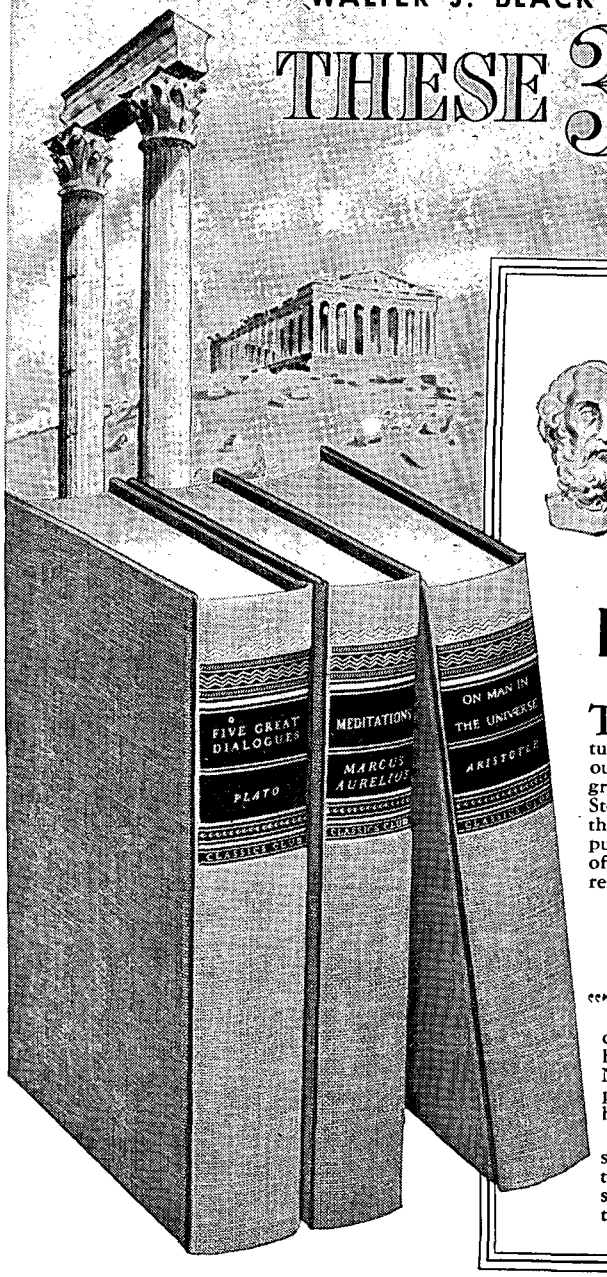
The
UNIVERSITY
BOOKMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

THESE 3 *beautifully bound classics*

FOR ONLY $1.00 AS A NEW MEMBER



PLATO FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

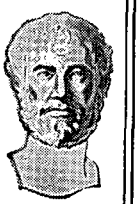
NOTHING short of amazing is the way this great classic (written more than two thousand years ago) hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is the pure essence of how to get the best out of life — whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful edition contains the five great dialogues. In these conversations between friends — fresh, spontaneous, humorous, informal — you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth."

MARCUS AURELIUS MEDITATIONS

THROUGH these writings, you gaze as if through a powerful telescope at the Rome of eighteen centuries ago. You will be struck by resemblances to our own era as you read the wise Meditations of the great emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic who found peace in traditional customs... the witty arguments of Lucian, the Skeptic, who punctured so many beliefs... the impassioned words of Justin, the Christian, willing to die for the new religion.

ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

Included is the essence of his five celebrated essays. You will be amazed, as you read them, how this great philosopher discovered by pure reason so many truths upon which modern scientists and thinkers have only recently agreed.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will *retain its original lustre* — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. The low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

THE CLASSICS CLUB **JP**
Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the THREE beautiful Classics Club Editions of PLATO, ARISTOTLE *and* MARCUS AURELIUS pictured above, which I may keep for only $1.00 plus a few cents mailing charges — the special new-member introductory price for ALL THREE volumes. If not completely satisfied after seven days' examination, I may return all 3 books and owe nothing.

As a member, I am not obligated to take any specific number of books, and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each *future* Club volume I decide to keep I will send you the low price of only $3.39 plus a few cents mailing charges. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

Zone No.
City ..... (if any) ... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bell System will put more than 3 Billion Dollars into New Facilities this year

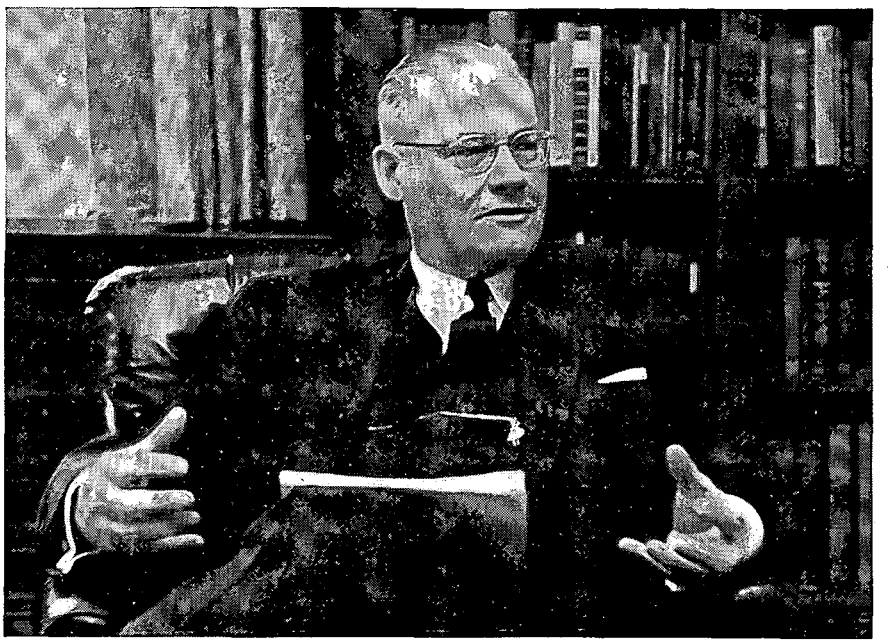
...to serve you and the nation better

We are moving full steam ahead with this big construction program because the country needs more and more communication service.

We are doing it because of our faith and confidence in the future of business and the nation. Surely, the course of America is upward.

We can see it and feel it in our own business. There is an aliveness in the day's work and in the research and the planning. The welcome necessities of growth are upon us and spur us on.

We have added 26,000,000 Bell telephones in the last ten years to meet the public's needs; a tremendous job in so short a time. The total is now 66,000,000. Some day, as population grows, it will be 100,000,000 and even more.



"Surely, the course of America is upward."

More service...More employment

The 1963 program will not only bring benefits to all who use the telephone but will provide thousands of jobs both inside and outside the Bell System. We'll be buying from tens of thousands of other businesses.

Many exciting new things are here or on the way, from the just begun to the nearly done.

The Telstar satellite and the new ocean cables are just parts of a new era in world-wide communications in which the Bell System has a leadership role.

Telstar is a first for our country, and has won world-wide admiration and respect. It has gone around the earth many hundreds of times, with two-way transmission of telephone calls, TV and radio programs, movies, etc.

A few months ago it relayed business-machine-type data across the Atlantic at nearly 1,500,000 words a minute. This is an example of the almost incredible speeds that new developments are putting into many forms of telephonic communication.

New buried cable for defense

A project of special importance at this time is a new underground cable system from coast to coast. It is being built to supplement present networks and withstand any nuclear blast except a direct hit. It's already over one-third completed.

We aren't sitting back or resting on our oars. You wouldn't think much of us if we did. And we wouldn't think much of ourselves. We know what is needed and we're going right to it.

Of course there will be ups and downs in the business cycle, but we aren't going to let temporary things scare us. This business isn't put together that way.

We're backing our faith in the near months and the far years with the biggest construction outlay in our history.

The money for the job

It can hardly be said too often that a well-balanced, forward-looking program of this kind depends on our ability to maintain good earnings.

It is only by reason of such earnings that we can go out and raise the necessary capital to do the job.

By building for the future, we are making an important contribution to the country's over-all economic welfare right now.

We go forward in this new year with a renewed resolve to serve the public and the nation in every possible way.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Owned by more than two million Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● Welcome, Peace Corps, welcome to this great underdeveloped nation of ours. We need you! Our problems are many: 17 million of us go to bed hungry every night; 32 million live on the outskirts of poverty; our Urbans are not being renewed, our Senior Citizens are un-Medicared, and our Farm Problem is the world's worst. In this underprivileged maelstrom, our youth was misspent; so give us back our youth, Peace Corps, come home.

● Rep. James Roosevelt (D., Cal.), *rumblemeister* of the congressional Abolish-HUAC-for-Fun-and-Profit mob, having seen his forces decimated in the last Congress 412-6, has a new switch for his blade. Now he wants HUAC abolished as a standing committee and its legislative function turned over to the Judiciary Committee. If it won't fit in the ashcan, try Emanuel's Celler?

● About this time of the year the opponents of the House Committee on Un-American Activities present their ritual war dance for the amusement of the House (*see above*). Insiders are predicting that the Roosevelt/Fitts Ryan/Lindsay mob will put up their real fight on the question of HUAC's appropriation, which has been the battleground in the past. But despite a synthetic flood of anti-HUAC junk rolling into the House, those congressmen who have been polling their constituents know that HUAC enjoys the hearty approval of the public, who intuitively know so much more than our intellectuals do about the Communist problem. And so HUAC will be continued by overwhelming vote of the House: counting the newly elected anti-HUAC extremists, only about twelve congressmen are expected to vote against this bulwark of the internal defense.

● In the course of a single day, the first of the new congressional session, Rep. Bruce Alger (R., Tex.) introduced eleven bills and resolutions. Alger's legislation would: rescind membership in the UN; make labor unions subject to anti-trust legislation; tax income equally on a percentile, rather than a progressive basis; provide tax reduction and reform; eliminate the withholding of income tax from wages; prevent treaties from superseding the Constitution; prohibit the Federal Government from competing with private business; enforce a balanced budget; express the will of the American people to win the Cold War; protect American lives and property anywhere in the world; and establish equitable representation for the minority party in House committee staff appointments. Not bad for a starter, eh?

● Senator Proxmire (D., Wis.), who leads an intense life (he once reportedly read *The Call of the Wild* in 43 seconds), has inserted into the *Congressional Record* a li'l ole "empirical study of the determinants of investment in the public utility industry," including such formulae as:

$$I_t = a\,[AP_t^{t+1}/S_{t-1} - (P/S)_t]$$

$$I_t = a\,(1+i)^2\,[P_{t-1}/S_{t-1} - 1/(1+i)^2\,(P/S)_t]$$

$$Y = 1 - 1/(1-i)^2$$

you know, QED. Well, the late Senator Kerr wanted to know just what the hell that meant. Simple, said Senator Proxmire after a couple days of cramming, "The greater the expected growth in sales and output in the next period relative to capacity in the current period, the higher the level of investment in this period will be." Would you believe it, this didn't satisfy Senator Bottum (R., S.D.) who then inserted this:

I NGE: 6 BST+143,656 SNAFU

meaning, said he, one New Government Employee requires the Blood, Sweat and Tears of six taxpayers to pay his salary. There have been 143,656 NGEs since the onset of the Kennedy Administration, *ergo,* SNAFU. S.N., that is, A.F.U.

● Mr. William S. White, who by the way is one of the most consistently fair-minded, independent and thoughtful writers in Washington, warns us that the United Nations, which nowadays is a synonym for the Afro-Asian bloc that runs it, is itching to move in on the Berlin problem, with the suggestion that the UN Army, fresh from its glorious victories over women and children in Katanga, take over Berlin, replacing Western troops. Mr. White warns the UN: Don't try it, boys, or you will run into an American toughness you just never knew existed. Perhaps Mr. White is correct, perhaps there *are* issues the American people won't give in on; which however is not much consolation for the Katangese. Or for the Cubans. Or Hungarians. Or Poles. Or Chinese . . . .

● Business '63 (overheard): Sales and income figures show an easing up of the rate at which business is easing off, which is taken as proof of the Government's contention that there is a slowing up of the slowdown. In order to clarify the cautious terminology of the experts, it should be noted that a slowing up of the slowdown is not as good as an upturn in the downturn, but it is a good deal better than either a speedup of the slowdown or a deepening of the downturn and does suggest that the climate is about right for an adjustment to the readjustment. Turning to unemployment, we find a definite decrease in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rate of increase, which already shows that there is a letting up of the letdown. Of course, if the slowdown should speed up, the decrease in the rate of increase of unemployment would turn into an increase in the rate of decrease of employment. In other words, the deceleration would be accelerated.

● James Meredith has announced that he will not register for the spring term at Ole Miss unless "definite and positive changes" are brought about. If Mr. Meredith is looking for changes in the attitude and actions of his fellow students, whose matchless rudeness toward a minority of one ill suits a society that cherishes its tradition of polite manners, personal honor, and bravery, he has a point. The gentlemen of the South are not alone in regarding states' rights as a matter of principle. And NATIONAL REVIEW is not alone in remarking that the cause of principle is never served by jeering mobs.

● Jawaharlal the Conquerer has at last explained the reasons for India's seizure of Goa. Fat-free, it goes like this: We struggled for centuries to gain independence. When the British left, the Portuguese were no longer secure so we asked them to get out. They refused. In the course of our negotiations for their departure, they attacked ". . . so we had to go in there and take what was ours. It all lasted hardly 36 hours." *Now* do you understand?

Apostate of the Union

Take a close look beneath the reassuring sonority of the President's State of the Union speech, and you will find pretty much what you expected: a little something for everyone, and a rhetorically suggestive ebb and flow that just eases up on, but doesn't quite touch, contradiction. For instance . . .

The world situation. *"Steady progress has been made in building a world of order."* But—*"dangerous problems remain from Cuba to the South China Sea."* Again: *"No military crisis strains our resources."* But—*"We have undertaken the most far-reaching defense improvements in the peace-time history of this country."*

Gold flow? *". . . the dollar commands new respect."* But—*"This nation continues to be concerned about its balance of payments deficit, which, despite its decline, remains a stubborn and troublesome problem."*

The domestic economy? *"At home, the recession is behind us . . . America has enjoyed 22 months of uninterrupted economic recovery."* But— *"32 million Americans . . . still live on the outskirts of poverty . . . a persistent slack . . . has kept unemployment at or above 5 per cent for 61 out of 62 months."*

And so on. Even if you're President, you can't always get away with that kind of thing. But it helps.

How *might* it have gone?

World situation. "The Communists are active all over the world. We pulled out their missiles in Cuba, but they're still in Cuba, strong as Samson, with 24 completed missile bases, 144 missile launchers, 60 surface-to-surface short-range missiles, 100 MiG jet fighters, 3,000 anti-aircraft guns, mortars, field artillery pieces and assault guns, 350 medium heavy tanks, and 34 sub-chasers and missile and motor torpedo boats. Damned if I know what to do about it."

Gold flow? "Last year we had a deficit in the balance of payments of just over two billion dollars, and our creditors took 1.8 billion of this in gold. This year they took only a billion in gold, but the net deficit was just as big, so that the gold is only ours on their sufferance. Damned if I know what to do about it."

The domestic economy? "We've been stagnating for years, compared to other countries, and I've finally decided the lunatic fringe who have called for tax reductions are correct, and so we ought to have tax reductions, right away. How can we afford it? What are we going to do about the deficit? Damned if I know, and damned if Dillon knows.

"Come to think of it, I resign."

Toil and Trouble

The New York newspaper strike continues, Cleveland is without a press, the docks are tied up along the entire Atlantic seaboard, Philadelphians are without a transit system, and manufacturers are building up their inventories of steel against the likelihood of another strike by the steelworkers during the summer. And President Kennedy, from his august platform, fulfilling his constitutional duty to recommend needed legislation to Congress, tells us what we need is a domestic Peace Corps.

Okay by us, if the Peace Corpsmen will man the linotype machines, unload the cargoes, run the buses, and prepare to make steel; but that is not, alas, what the President has in mind for them to do. They are to burrow in on such major concerns as cultural lags in our Indian reservations. One wonders, might there be, somewhere in the U. S., a little child wrapped in swaddling clothes, who one day will be President and have the courage to stare the monopoly unions in the face and say: Gentlemen, your reign is ended?

This country very sorely needs reform legislation which will remove from a single man, or a group of men, the power to immobilize whole communities. Specifically, we need legislation making unions and their members legally accountable for broken contracts. (In New York, six unions, by refusing to cross the picket lines set up by the typographers,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broke their contracts with the publishers. Under existing law, the publishers cannot sue them for damages.) We need legislation to remove the power of a single union to control more than a part of any single industry. (If the New York longshoremen want to strike for more money, let them do so; but don't give them the power to close the Port of Boston.) And we need legislation forbidding to any union the right to tie up at any given moment more than a stated percentage of the facilities of a metropolis. (In Philadelphia, *all* means of public transportation have been stopped.)

We hear so much talk about the common good. How do our union firsters reconcile the activities of the monopoly unions with their vaunted concern for the public good? What about the man who wants to read a paper, or advertise his art show, or travel on a boat to Europe, or get to his office in Philadelphia? Are they not, in plain language, casualties of preferential legislation written for labor unions?

The fault lies largely with the President, who as leader of the nation should exercise his leadership in matters of urgent national concern. It lies also with businessmen, who have dumbly acquiesced in every act of aggression by labor unions (how many Grosses or Kohlers are there left?). But the principal blame is the intellectuals': for they are the society's judges, and with a few exceptions they are silent, inert, unconcerned, having sold out their minds and their morals to a proletarianized view of life, whose dogmas tell us that labor unions can do no wrong. Arise, people of the world, you have nothing to lose but your squalid oligarchs.

Those Card Parties

President Kennedy says it doesn't do any good, but he just doesn't read the papers. This happy new enterprise of scattering little cards among Communist merchandise in local stores has paid huge dividends

As a result of this campaign such titans as Sears Roebuck, Woolworth, Kresge, and Walgreen (and doubtless many others) have stopped dealing in Communist goods. Dr. Jerome Harold, who thought up the idea about a year ago, says his Committee to Warn of the Arrival of Communist Merchandise on the Local Business Scene now has committees in every state and in the District of Columbia. Local card parties have received the support of established groups of conservatives (and anti-Communists). In Yonkers, New York, eight members of a recent visitation at S. Klein's will go on trial next month (*NR* will have a reporter there) on various charges so far removed from the facts that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Voices of Sanity

William S. White, January 7, 1963

"If the United Nations, without the slightest right except the sanction of force backed by a massive propaganda, can intervene in the internal affairs of the Congo today, it can interfere tomorrow in the internal affairs of any country in this world—in theory not excluding the United States. . . . Repeatedly the motivation of the United States in this wretched affair has been described in the State Department as a desire to force Katanga's return to the Central Congo Government to strengthen it against a possible Soviet takeover. Men who really do not enjoy feeling that their own Government has taken up an indefensible policy have tried to accept this explanation.

"But even the argument of expediency is open to grave question. The ugly truth is that deceit and evasiveness and incredible arrogance have marked the UN's course in the Congo, from first to last. Men of good will toward the UN have been compelled to conclude, long since, that its word in this affair could not be trusted. . . ."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, October 26, 1962

"The policy of the UN in the former Belgian Congo causes me great anxiety because it proceeds from a total ignorance of the country's problems. It is a grave error to try and unite by force people so profoundly divided among themselves. If Katanga is unwilling to be reunited with the Congo, the UN should respect its wishes and not try to impose its own will at any cost."

Senator Barry Goldwater, December 31, 1962

"The bitterness generated by the unjust United Nations war against the only full-fledged pro-Western leader in the Congo will last for a long time and will make effective unification of the area a total impossibility. . . .

"It is an unspeakable tragedy that the world organization which was set up to prevent war and preserve peace should now be starting wars and massacring innocent civilians at the behest of an extremist war faction within the UN, which has, apparently, achieved control over the policy and actions of the world organization."

"Barron's," January 7, 1963

"By word and deed alike the UN thus has flouted what the Founding Fathers called 'a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.' The same contempt for Western values has spawned the naked aggression against Katanga, a lawless act to which the Government of the United States, to its enduring shame, has become an accomplice. Moreover, despite the best efforts of bland apologists to obscure the issue, nobody can seriously doubt that Katanga enjoys as great a right to independence and to the fruits of its labors as, let us say, Burundi or Upper Volta. . . .

"For whatever Washington may choose to pretend, both the Léopoldville government and the UN forces on the scene are actively hostile to Western interests. Ethiopian troops, *Barron's* has learned, have compelled residents of Elisabethville to hang on their walls pictures of the late Red-tainted rabble-rouser, Patrice Lumumba, and to join the Lumumbist party. UN correspondents disclose that Indonesian paratroopers who spearheaded last week's advance were accompanied by their Soviet 'instructors' (does anyone recall the Russian 'technicians' in Cuba?). As for the Adoula regime, it has allowed Communist embassies in Léopoldville, closed by its predecessor, to reopen. In recent months the Soviet diplomatic corps has increased from ten men to one hundred, while the Russian ambassador, according to one U.S. diplomat, has been 'acting as if he was running the show.' The war in Katanga, says the State Department, aims to keep Communism out of the Congo. While the faceless men at State may be the last to learn the sorry truth, Communism even now is flourishing on African soil."

Arthur Krock, December 31, 1962

"This is the strategy of creating what is known in the history of war as an 'incident.' The United Nations Secretariat had conditioned its reiterated statement that no military aggression in Katanga was contemplated unless its forces were 'attacked.' If the authors of these moves did not foresee that they most probably would be provocative of such an 'attack,' they must have completely lost contact with reality in their determination to unify that geographical and historical fiction—the former Belgian Congo."

Dean Acheson, December 5, 1962

"At every session of the United Nations General Assembly some issue arises between a nationalist group in a colonial area and one of our European allies. These issues are rarely resolved, they are usually exacerbated, by the debates and resolutions of the General Assembly.

"If one is interested in making orderly progress toward movement from a dependent position toward responsible and, possibly, competent government by the consent and choice of these peoples, one must look elsewhere. . . . I often quote an old friend who said after the first World War, 'We have chaos, but not enough to make a world.' That defect has now been remedied."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the defendants laughed when they heard them.

The movement has pressed along another front, too, in which the Young Americans for Freedom have taken a leading role: getting towns to pass local ordinances requiring merchants to display posters identifying Communist merchandise, or buy special licenses (at a cost up to $5,000 in one city) to deal in goods from the slave areas. Ordinances along this line have already been adopted in Billings and Butte, Montana; Columbus, Georgia; Ehrhardt, South Carolina; Montgomery, Birmingham, and Phenix City, Alabama; Newport, Kentucky. Similar ordinances are being considered (or are in some stage toward final passage) in San Antonio and Texarkana, Texas; and Fountain Valley, California. In the spring the Florida Legislature will consider passing a state law towards this end. Florida, as President Kennedy may know, is a non-Communist district lying ninety miles off the coast of Cuba. Didn't somebody quarantine Cuba a few months ago?

To Dr. Harold and his colleagues across the nation, congratulations and full steam ahead.

View from the Andes

A few days ago a friend of ours found that he had to make one of those sudden world-arching trips that have become the jet-age equivalent of riding into the neighboring village to do a little swapping on market-day. A client of his had got into a jam in Chile, and needed a little emergency help in getting out. Our friend had never before been in Latin America; from some of the stories he'd heard, he rather expected to be met at the airport by a group of suave fixers, and to have to do as much of his business below as above the table. He was pleased to discover how wrong that picture was. Both the lawyers and the government officials with whom he had to deal turned out to be competent, intelligent and thoroughly responsible.

His business completed in three well-organized days, he spent the hour before his return flight in the airport bar with one of his new Chilean acquaintances who had shown himself exceptionally astute and informed. After a bit, the Chilean spoke, in sum, as follows:

"I haven't been able to figure out what your country is trying to accomplish through this Alliance for Progress. Why should my country, Chile, for example, get aid from the United States? We are an old, well-established nation, not one of these *uhuru* pseudo-nations sprung out of the jungle. We have very rich natural resources. Our people are nearly all from European stock, and we have no problem of overpopulation. We have good relations with our neighbors, and have had no war in generations.

"Nevertheless, under the Alliance for Progress we must receive aid from your government. What are the results? Obviously, to begin with, private investment by your citizens in our economy dries up, since it cannot match the easy terms of the Alliance for Progress grants. Then, the payments under the A for P give an artificial strength in the foreign exchange markets to our currency. Some of my well-to-do fellow citizens have been made jittery by the presence of Castro and his Communist base in our hemisphere. They take advantage of the artificial exchange situation to convert their pesos on a favorable basis into Swiss francs. In this way, the country is deprived of important domestic sources of capital investment funds. Some of the Swiss francs (or other hard currencies) are left on deposit in Europe. Many are used to buy gold ingots that are drawn, by intervening stages, from the U.S. Treasury stocks backing the dollar. Thus the Alliance for Progress grants become an important factor undermining the remaining strength of your already much-weakened dollar.

"Can it be," the enquiring Chilean asked our friend, "that there are hardened leftists among those administering the Alliance program? The Latin American nations are told that to share in the Alliance grants they must carry out all sorts of 'social' and 'democratic' reforms. Well, here in Chile we have heard a lot about social and democratic reforms. We have a leftist party and a socialist party and a Communist party and even a Trotskyist party, and year after year they have been proposing these same social and democratic reforms that your Alliance officials now put forward. And year after year, the reforms have been overwhelmingly rejected by our democratically elected legislature. Now the power, prestige and money of your country is pushing these 'reforms,' to the joy and profit of the Left."

¿Es cierto, Señor Moscoso?

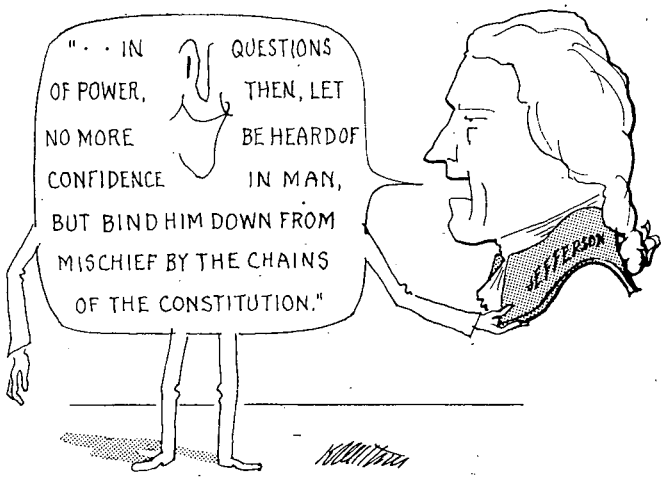
Lost: One Civil Right

When, on January 14, the Supreme Court refused to review Judge Thurgood Marshall's opinion for the Court of Appeals (2nd Circuit) in *United States of America* v. *William Rickenbacker*, the resources of the law were exhausted, and a basic human right—the right to privacy in one's home—died.

The case arose when Mr. Rickenbacker refused to answer a sheaf of questions about his household goods during the 1960 Census (he did answer the standard Census questions). He argued the reasons for his action in an article in NATIONAL REVIEW (May 21, 1960). The Government indicted him; he was tried, found guilty, sentenced to 60 days in prison (suspended), fined $100; and you know the rest.

Mr. Rickenbacker's legal arguments, as presented

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Or, as Earl Warren would interpret it: 'In questions of power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in the written Constitution, but regard it as a scrap of paper, and give unlimited scope to the the twentieth century man has become more trust-authority of politicians, because as we all know, in worthy and mischief no longer exists.'"

---

in the appeal brief by the well-known constitutional lawyer C. Dickerman Williams, rested on four main points.

1. The relevant statute (13 USC 221a) does not penalize a refusal to answer such a questionnaire as was presented. The statute penalizes refusals to answer questions only about one's self, one's family, one's farm, one's family's farm. The Government argued that because the details asked about were those of Mr. Rickenbacker's house, the questions apply to "himself." But is a person's self his clothes dryer, or his TV machine? And if any question about a man's possessions and relations is a question about "himself," why did Congress specify "farm"? The hypothesis of that specification can only be that not everything to which the word "his" can appropriately be applied can be said to be "applying to himself." And finally, the legislative history indicates that the relevant statute does not apply to "house," for the penal provision took its present form in 1909—a full forty years before a housing census was ordered.

2. Unless the relevant statute be construed to require the questionee to make a detailed written inventory of his house and household, there was a failure of proof. The Bureau of the Census did not require written answers, according to its own instruction manual; and on the only occasion when the Government put the questions to Mr. Rickenbacker orally (before the Grand Jury), he answered them fully. Thus if written answers were not required, and if the Government offers no evidence that he failed to respond to oral questions, how is a misdeed proven?

3. Even if the statute did apply to defendant on the facts in this case, it is unconstitutional, in violation of the Fourth Amendment, because the questionnaire was an unreasonable search. It was far too sweeping; it lacked a useful purpose; it was asked of an excessive number of people; and it was unnecessarily coercive. The Government did not attempt to prove the reasonableness of the search; expert witness testified that a sample of 25 per cent of the population was excessive, ordinary surveys producing useful results on a basis of a fraction of one per cent; the only purpose mentioned, that of "Government aid in certain cities for improving the housing conditions," has nothing to do with defendant's TV set in a rural area; the Bureau itself, conducting the monthly unemployment census on a voluntary basis, cannot prove the necessity of coercion in the decennial housing census; and the reasonableness of a statute must be proven on the evidence of facts, whereas the Government relied solely on the opinion of Government officials.

4. The prosecution is discriminatory, in that it arises from defendant's publishing an article in NATIONAL REVIEW, whereas the evidence indicates that a "large number" of people refused to answer the housing questionnaire, and that the local Census officials did not know of Mr. Rickenbacker's refusal to answer until the court case came up for trial.

As things now stand, it would appear that an American citizen has no privacy. The Federal Government can, apparently, ask him any question it wishes to ask him, and toss him in jail if he refuses to answer—and the Government doesn't have to prove the reasonableness of its action, or its relation to existing legislation.

We've made a lot of progress, in the wrong direction, since William Pitt the elder said, "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England may not enter. . . ."

How're You Getting On With D.F.B.?

Robert Morris, the intelligent, balanced and experienced anti-Communist—formerly judge, chief counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and president of the University of Dallas, and currently head of the Defenders of American Liberties—recently wrote a letter (polite) to Nelson Rockefeller, asking the Governor for the text of some speech or other he had given, to which Morris received a reply (polite), enclosing a copy of the speech. But lo, by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHY GOLDWATER COULD WIN

AND

ROCKEFELLER COULDN'T

secretarial misadventure, the envelope also returned Mr. Morris' original letter, at the bottom of which was scribbled, in pencil by a member of Mr. Rockefeller's staff, a little aide-memoire identifying Robert Morris, just in case the Governor didn't know who he was. And the remarks were to the effect that Morris is a violent rightist currently engaged in running a segregationist and anti-Semitic newspaper down South. All of this properly initialed by D.F.B., whom our spies have identified as Mr. Daniel F. Barr, an assistant to Robert L. McManus, Rocky's principal public relations man.

When you stop to think of it, the D.F.B.'s of this world play a very large role in human affairs, don't they? Here is an ignorant man, a careless defamer (Morris has never done or said an anti-Semitic or segregationist thing in his life), calmly advising the man who wants to be President of the United States Who, and What, Bob Morris is. It is frequently said of Mr. Rockefeller that whatever are his ideological delinquencies, at least he surrounds himself with first-class men. Maybe he has so many people working for him he has lost personal control over the quality of the men from whom he takes his opinions and draws his conclusions. If that is so, how is he going to handle the problem if he becomes President of the United States?

(SCENE: White House, 1965. Mail Room. Letter addressed to President Rockefeller by Ibn Saud. Notation in pencil at the bottom of the page: "Ibn Saud runs an anti-Semitic, segregationist operation in the Middle East. Watch out for him. D.F.B.")

Notes and Asides

We are asked: Why isn't NATIONAL REVIEW at my local newsstand? The answer: we distribute thirty-five thousand copies of every issue of *NR* through a national supplier. He tries to finger the most productive potential outlets. But inevitably, he will miss some, and of course we can't saturate the entire country. But do check with your local newsstand, and if it carries *NR*, point it out, won't you, to a deserving friend? If you have none, an undeserving friend will do.

For the Record

Where there's a Wall there's a will: West German sources reveal 21,356 refugees escaped East Germany in 1962. . . . Victor Lasky reports big advance sales for his forthcoming JFK: The Man and the Myth. Macmillan to publish in February. . . . Palace gossip says recent change in President's voice not result of colds but of rehearsing to make him sound less like Vaughan Meader. . . . Osservatore Romano criticizes Cardinal Leger for leaking to Canadian press news that Pope John's illness is incurable. . . . New Brazil economic czar Celso Furtado regular fixture at Communist Congresses ever since 1947. . . . Nation Francaise thinks Siberians refused asylum by U.S. in Moscow came by mistake: actually looking for Israeli Embassy.

Soviets demand India return seaman who swam for asylum, charging large-scale theft. Indian authorities dubious; sailor wore only trunks. . . . Technical Assistance Program: manufacture of Red China's atom bomb directed by Tschien Hsueh-schen, formerly of MIT; ex-Cal Tech professor Hsue Shen-tsien runs Reds' missile program. East German sources say Chinese already refining U-235 from U-238 and have 25 million volt cyclotron; first bomb to be ready next year. . . . Philadelphia Chapter of Student Peace Union worried: space problems may force meeting in armory. . . . Polaris subs Nathan Hale and John Adams launched; total now 17. . . . Rumors say grand jury difficulties of former New York Republican Chairman Jud Morhouse due to Playboy Club's liquor license application. . . . Drug company involved in Castro ransom happy at getting rid of dead inventory, writing it off at retail value, making $20,000 thanks to tax effect. . . . AID rumored to be scuttled; foreign aid now to be buried under various heads so Congress can't control it. . . . Argentinian politician Luis Miguel challenges doctor to duel with broadswords because doctor prescribed for an insomniac a nightly reading of Miguel's speeches. . . . Cuban actress Bella Cortez has Castro portrait in every room of Roman villa—"as medication against homesickness."

New alarm clock sold in Hollywood doesn't ring: it applauds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Right

Mrs. Roosevelt, RIP

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

I have been sharply reminded that I have not written about Mrs. Roosevelt, and that only a coward would use the excuse that when she died, he was in Africa. There, there are lions and tigers and apartheid. Here, there was Mrs. Roosevelt to write about. Africa was the safer place.

People get very sore when you knock the old lady. And it isn't just the widow who thinks of Mrs. Roosevelt as the goddess who saved her children from getting rickets during the Depression. It is also the Left-intellectuals. "When are you going to stop picking on Mrs. Roosevelt?" a very learned writer asked me at a reception a few years ago after one of my books was published. (I had a sentence in it that annoyed him, something like, "Following Mrs. Roosevelt in search of irrationality is like following a lighted fuse in search of an explosion: one never has to wait very long.") I answered: "When you *begin* picking on her." I meant by that that people are best reformed by those they will listen to. Westbrook Pegler could never reform Mrs. Roosevelt, or her legend. But Adlai Stevenson, or Max Lerner, might have.

A Great Mind?

The obituary notices on Mrs. Roosevelt were as one in granting her desire to do good—she treated all the world as her own personal slum project; and all the papers, of course, remarked on that fabulous energy—surely she was the very first example of the peacetime use of atomic energy. But some publications (I think especially of *Time*) went so far as to say she had a great mind. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of Euclid.

Does it matter? Alas, it happens to matter very much. For Mrs. Roosevelt stamped upon her age a mode. Or, it might be said by those who prefer to put it that way, that in Mrs. Roosevelt the age developed its perfect symbol. Hers is the age of undifferentiated goodness, of permissive egalitarianism.

Mrs. Roosevelt's approach to human problems, so charming in its Franciscan naiveté, was simply: do away with them—by the most obvious means. The way to cope with Russia is to negotiate. . . . The way for everyone to be free in the world is to tell the UN to free everyone. . . . The way to solve the housing shortage is for the government to build more houses. . . .

All that is more than Mrs. Roosevelt writing a column. It is a way of life. Based, essentially, on unreason; on the leaving out of the concrete, complex factor, which is why they call it "undifferentiated" goodness. Negotiation with Russia, you see, implies there is something we are, or should be, prepared to yield. . . . And everyone in the world cannot be free so long as freedoms are used by whole nations to abuse the peoples of other nations or the freedoms of their own people. . . . Latin American poverty is something that grows out of the pores of Latin American institutions and appetites, and cannot be seriously ameliorated by mere transfusions of American cash. . . . And the way to get houses built is to reduce their cost, so that poor people can buy them, without paying crippling wages to monopoly labor unions, or crippling prices to manufacturing concerns that have to pay the taxes of a government which among other things decides it needs to get into the housing business. . . .

Principal Bequest

Mrs. Roosevelt's principal bequest, her most enduring bequest, was the capacity so to oversimplify problems as to give encouragement to those who wish to pitch the nation and the world onto humanitarian crusades which, because they fail to take reality into account, end up plunging people into misery (as Wilson's idealistic imperialism plunged Europe into misery for years, and spawned Hitler), and messing up the world in general (under whose statecraft did Stalin prosper?). Above all it was Mrs. Roosevelt who, on account of her passion for the non sequitur, deeply wounded the processes of purposive political thought. "Over whatever subject, plan, or issue Mrs. Roosevelt touches," Professor James Burnham once wrote, "she spreads a squidlike ink of directionless feeling. All distinctions are blurred, all analysis fouled, and in the murk clear thought is forever impossible."

Some day in the future, a Liberal scholar will write a definitive thesis exploring the cast of Mrs. Roosevelt's mind by a textual analysis of her thought; and then history will be able to distinguish between a great woman with a great heart, and a woman of perilous intellectual habit. "With all my heart and soul," her epitaph should read, "I fought the syllogism." And with that energy and force, she wounded it, almost irretrievably—how often have you seen the syllogism checking in at the office for a full day's work lately?

The Policy Reel
(In Pye-on-the-Skye)

How we all enjoy watching the dance of Pye,
As the fiddler fiddles on the Skye,
And the caller calls:
"Face up to the Communists, toe to toe,
Now give your old partners the big heave-ho,
With the neutral nations twirl out of sight
And lean to the Left while you talk to the Right.
Whirl away across the hall,
'Till you get as far as the Berlin Wall,
There turn your back to the Reds and stand,
Then two steps to Laos and take their hand,
Do the Cuban Fandanga 'till the vote's returned,
Then smash Katanga with Congress adjourned.
Shuffle your documents and hide them quick—
Here comes the Senate with a great big stick."

CARMEN LULVES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Washington Straight

CATO

The theory that the Washington press corps thrives on poppycock was given a strong boost by the fanciful accounts of the House Republican Conference. With such a beginning, this may turn out to be a vintage year for imaginative reporting.

Cato

At this meeting, a struggle developed for the Chairmanship of the House Republican Conference (the GOP's governing body in the House) between Michigan's Rep. Gerald Ford Jr. and the incumbent, Iowa's Charles Hoeven. The press accounts of Rep. Ford's victory stressed his youth and Rep. Hoeven's age, and conveyed the impression that a horde of youthful Liberals was demanding recognition from the reactionary Republican Old Guard. Readers were advised that Minority Leader Charles Halleck was in trouble with the youthful members of the House for his right-wing policies, and that the future of the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition was obscure.

This is how the Washington press corps described events to readers across the nation. What are the facts?

For some time there have been complaints from many Republican congressmen about the GOP's image in Congress. But these complaints had to do with the way in which the Republican position has been presented to the public, not with the positions adopted by Halleck and the leadership. Accordingly, a group of younger Republican congressmen set out to elect to the leadership an attractive and articulate colleague. Ford was the natural candidate. A former University of Michigan football star, Gerry Ford is well-liked and has compiled a first-class record in Congress. He came nearer than the public imagines to capturing the Vice Presidential nomination in 1960. At forty-nine, he is ranking Republican on the Military Appropriations Subcommittee and has long been one the GOP's top experts on defense matters.

Having found the candidate, the Young Turks now had to find him an office. Despite what the press corps said, nobody even considered Charlie Halleck's post as Minority Leader. Halleck is acknowledged by his colleagues in the House as one of the great parliamentarians in Congress.

There were thus only two positions open in the House leadership: Chairmanship of the House Republican Policy Committee and Chairmanship of the Conference. The former post is held by Wisconsin's John Byrne, who enjoys wide respect among his colleagues. That left only the Chairmanship of the Conference.

Former Chairman Hoeven was well-liked, but his job made him a natural target, because, apart from the fact that the chairman is a member of the leadership, the job carries little weight, and Rep. Hoeven had had little chance to display his ability.

The Young Turks thus aimed at Hoeven's job and won it for their candidate in a close vote. But at no time was there a question of conservatism v. Liberalism. Both Hoeven and Ford, no matter what appellation they might apply to themselves, are strong conservatives. So are most of Ford's backers. His two chief supporters were Michigan's Robert Griffin, co-author of the Landrum-Griffin Bill, and Charles Goodell of New York, another conservative.

The press characterized the episode as the opening shot in a jihad of young Liberals against conservative leaders. However, Halleck remains secure in his job and conservatism, far from having suffered, now has a first-class spokesman with a dynamic image.

On January 7 a band of Communists, fellow travelers and peace-bedazzled women suddenly invaded the House cafeteria, which is open only to congressmen, their guests, and congressional staff. The group was on the Hill to lobby for the latest far-left device to emasculate the House Committee on Un-American Activities: a proposal to put the Committee under the jurisdiction of the House Judiciary Committee, presided over by Manny Celler (D., N.Y.).

The peace marchers sat down in the cafeteria to lay plans for personal visits to congressmen. The cafeteria was to be their command post, manned by two men identified under oath as Communists, Frank Wilkinson (recently out of jail) and Russ Nixon.

The cafeteria manager asked them to leave, so one of the interlopers ran to a phone to call to their aid Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.). Ryan rushed to the cafeteria to his friends' assistance, and they were permitted to stay. When the group finally left, one member remained, deep in converse with Rep. Ryan—Frank Wilkinson.

Ryan has started off the 88th Congress well. After this lengthy discussion with Wilkinson, he inserted in the *Congressional Record* a copy of a frantic press release attacking HUAC for its investigations into the peace marchers. It seems that Rep. Ryan may be in for some unpleasant treatment from his colleagues as a result of hobnobbing with identified Communists and affording them his protection in the halls of Congress. There is talk of a censure resolution against him. Open, active direction of the peace marchers by Wilkinson and Nixon has convinced many skeptics that HUAC knew what it was doing when it investigated Women Strike for Peace. It is reported that the Committee will seek perjury indictments against several witnesses.

The GOP-Dixiecrat defeat on the Rules Committee was made possible by defection from the ranks by a number of Southern Democrats who like to tell the folks back home how conservative they are. The GOP has plans to flood the districts represented by these *soi-disant* conservatives with detailed reports of every Liberal vote they cast. This tactic should have two beneficial effects: first, the congressman whose constituents are restless may be more inclined to vote the conservative line. Second, it could lead to widespread GOP gains in the South in '64.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World War

Toujours, la Sale Guerre

JAMES BURNHAM

We are losing another war, this time in Vietnam. More than 10,000 Americans have already been sucked into that steaming land of reed-covered marshes, rice paddies, mapless jungles and bewildering mountains. Nearly every day now there are American names on the casualty lists. When our men first moved into action, the news looked good for a while. The swarming brown termites of the Viet Cong, frightened by the weird sight and rasping sound of our great whirly-birds, fired a few random rifle shots and scuttled away. But the Viet Cong is led by serious and determined captains. They cured the panic of their followers, devised new tactics, brought in or captured new, heavier weapons; and now the formerly invincible helicopters are becoming targets instead of birds of prey.

In a single engagement early this month, only a handful of miles below Saigon, five helicopters were destroyed and a half-dozen others were badly damaged. Three Americans—"advisers," they are grotesquely called—were killed, six wounded. Nearly a hundred South Vietnamese paratroops were killed, plus more than a hundred wounded. Much worse: the South Vietnamese, officers as well as men, quit, turned tail and refused to advance on the enemy. U.S. Army Captain Kenneth Good, West Point graduate, married, one child, was killed as he tried vainly to rouse them to a counterattack.

Americans in the Paddies

I have read, lately, several dispatches from European observers in North Vietnam. They report that the Ho Chi-Minh Government is supremely confident of the outcome in the south. They are in no great hurry—they fought the French for eight years, after all—but they think it may all be over in two years more. The optimists among them hope, even, that in May 1964 they may celebrate the tenth anniversary of the French Dienbienphu with a Dienbienphu for the Americans.

Why should the Americans, they reason, who know nothing about the country, who have no ties with its people or history and no real interest in it except as a pawn in the world struggle, who have no tradition of jungle-paddy warfare—why should aliens such as these expect to do better than the French, who had real if shallow roots in Southeast Asia, who had linked themselves through language and culture to at least some strata of the native population, and who had legions long inured to strange wars in strange places? Why should the people of South Vietnam fight better today for Ngo Dinh Diem—who seized power by an arbitrary coup, maintained it by controlled elections, put family relatives in key offices, and got himself known as an American puppet—than ten years ago for Bao Dai, who, even if a French puppet, had some ancestral claim on popular loyalties?

Communist North Vietnam is a harsh, hungry police state—that is denied by no one. South Vietnam is a rice-surplus country. That is the immediate material reason that impels North Vietnam, with China over her shoulder, to aim at conquest of the South. There will be more to eat—at least until the Chinese move in. But rice is not the only motive, on either side of the border. However illusory, there is a seductive pull, south as well as north, from the Communist-nurtured idea of a unified nation, free from exploitation by either "foreign imperialists" or a privileged and corrupt native class.

The North Vietnamese leaders believe that the U.S. aid lavished on Southeast Asia has helped rather than hurt the Communist drive. There has been too much money for the nations to absorb normally; it has brought social dislocation and corruption: corruption not merely of the routine fraudulent kind but a deeper moral corruption bound up with wangled contracts, windfall profits, foreign exchange deals, and swollen profiteers. More than two billion dollars' worth of aid only made Laos easier picking for the Viet Cong.

It was American capitulation in Laos that convinced the Communists that victory was coming sooner than scheduled. Full concentration on the South Vietnam operation became possible. The supply and communication route through Laos became secure. Communist morale was boosted at the same time that South Vietnamese morale was shaken: for why should anyone suppose that in the end Washington won't impose the same solution on Vietnam that it imposed on Laos?

Their Rules or Ours?

Americans who want to know what war with the Viet Cong is like should read the first section of Jean Larteguy's novel, *The Centurions,* published in this country by E. P. Dutton. The Communists are convinced that Americans can never win the Communist kind of war in countries where Communists are at home. And they see that the Americans are trying to do just that, with a few tactical novelties based on fancy gadgets. They know that the Americans possess means which could transform the strategic character of the war, but they believe that political, ideological and moral inhibitions prevent use of these means.

What if Hanoi were wiped out, as it could easily be by a single raid—a single plane, for that matter? What if the incredible chemical and biological weapons now available to the Americans were turned against the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese? If really massive combined forces were assembled from the U.S., the Philippines, Free China and Australia? If Chinese north-south communications were cut, as they could be without too much difficulty? If operations into the Chinese mainland were launched?

It is not certain that even such methods would succeed, but it looks more and more likely that the present policy and strategy will fail. The war in South Vietnam is becoming a *sale guerre*—a vile, a dirty war—for Americans, too. It is likely to get much dirtier before it is over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. Cuban Policy: Illusion and Reality

The President's response to the Cuban threat was a minimal act that neither impressed Khrushchev nor turned the Cold War tide in our favor

DAVID LOWENTHAL

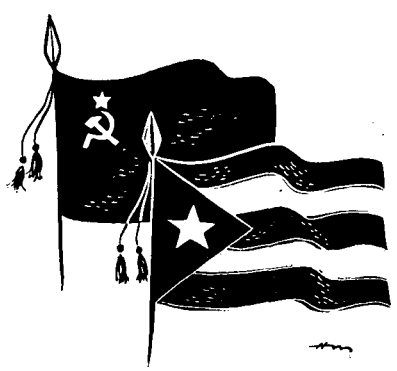
The apparent vigor of President Kennedy's quarantine of Cuba, and the rapidity with which he effected the withdrawal of Russian missiles, left Americans with a false impression. Only in contrast to the feebleness of our previous Cuban policy was this a strong and vigorous act. Given the circumstances, it was the weakest response open to us. It eliminated the most immediate and obvious threat, but no more. And in the process it made concessions that will assist the growth of Communist military power and subversion in this hemisphere.

After the Bay of Pigs disaster of April 1961, we reverted to purely diplomatic and economic measures, only recently adding certain trade restrictions to our own embargo. None of these measures decreased the flow of goods from Communist countries appreciably. Over more than two years, in fact, immense armaments of every description (excluding missiles and bombers) were sent to Castro. During last summer, the military build-up and the influx of Soviet technicians intensified. The President then issued an open warning against offensive arms in Cuba—which by his own testimony, using his own definitions, did not yet exist there; "defensive" was the term he applied to what they had, and "defensive" implies "legitimate."

This policy courted further disaster. It allowed Cuba to develop into the hemisphere's third most formidable military power. The regime became more impregnable to internal revolution. Its weight in hemispheric politics—and the Russian weight behind it—could increase substantially and add to the thrust of Castro-type insurgency. And if ever it were necessary to invade Cuba, the invading forces would now have to reckon on grave losses before they could succeed. Moreover, by failing to interfere with the arming of Cuba at a very early point, we made it clear to the Soviets that they could upset the balance of power wherever local governments (or rebels) were ready to accept their assistance. A pattern already laid down in Egypt, Laos and the Congo was given our final stamp of tolerance ninety miles off Florida.

Because of our non-intervention, Khrushchev and Castro could proceed to contrive a scheme that might have inflicted enormous damage on Western power, influence and prestige. We cannot know for sure what motivated this daring innovation in Russian missile policy. Was it to pressure our withdrawal from bases in Turkey and elsewhere? Was it to prevent our invading Cuba? Was it to give unmistakable proof of Soviet supremacy? Was the threat of these nearby missiles meant to paralyze us during some momentous act of aggrandizement in West Berlin, and protect Cuba from our retaliation at the same time? Considering the nature of the missile move, it is probable that Khrushchev was playing for the highest stakes. This would point to the last-named objective. In any case, by exploiting his "sovereign" right to export, and Castro's "sovereign" right to import, he almost succeeded in his plot.

The only thing our President did to brake Khrushchev was to warn against an offensive arms build-up. Prior to sure evidence of the missile sites and missiles, he did nothing to stop the flow of armaments into Cuba. And by virtue of the distinction between "defensive" and "offensive," he fastened dangerous encumbrances on our present and future power to act. For can we really tolerate a build-up short of only the most extravagant weapons? And is the distinction practical? A Russian submarine base in Cuba could be defensive; planes that are normally defensive could be turned to offensive uses. Furthermore, if a Cuban defensive build-up is legitimate, we must ask, "Defensive against whom?" Cuba's armed forces are many times too large for defense against any other Latin American country. They can only be defensive against a possible attack from us. And are we certain we will not have to mount such an attack, or assist others to mount one, in the future? Will other measures suffice to bring Castro's downfall? If not, our policy has the curious effect of guaranteeing the ability of a tyrannical and expansionist regime to resist our efforts to overthrow it.



What to Do?

Faced with solid evidence of the missile emplacements, what could the President do? The time for mere words had passed. The Soviets had shown their willingness to press us to the wall, amid patent assurances from Mr. Gromyko that they had no intention of doing what we knew they were in fact doing. The President could not be sure of the specific purpose of the missiles, but he could be sure their probable uses threatened intolerable, and possibly imminent, danger to this country and its interests. Action was therefore absolutely necessary. But expelling the "offensive" missiles and bombers and keeping others out were the least demanding options available to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

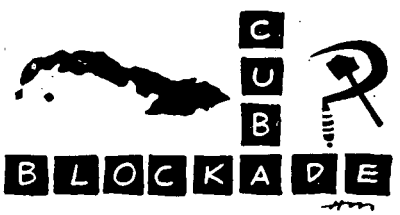
President—the bare minimum. Did not the gravity of the barely averted missile threat entitle us to something more than a return to the *status quo ante*? It used to be thought that aggressors deserved to be penalized—*had to be* penalized, in fact, to keep them from trying again.

Opportunity Missed

Here in our hands was the opportunity—only rarely afforded by a wily and aggressive enemy—to inflict a drastic defeat upon him. The moment of crisis, the magnitude of the threat to world peace, the incredible deceit practiced upon the U.S., the heightened awareness and anger of allies and neutrals—all argued for a comprehensive and decisive solution of the Cuban problem. The avowed aims of our Cuban policy are to eliminate the Russian presence in this hemisphere, to curb the aggressive and subversive influence engendered by Communism, and to give the Cuban people the republic they originally envisaged. We should therefore have demanded the departure of the Russians together with their "offensive" weapons, and the holding of long-overdue free elections in Cuba under UN supervision. And the means actually employed by the President—the blockade—should have been extended to almost all shipping, by air and by sea. This policy had its risks, and there is no assurance that blockade alone, without invasion, would ultimately have sufficed. But there could be little doubt of the outcome, and we would have acted in full justice, and consistently with our ideals.

To see the weakness with which the President has pursued even his own policy, we need only take note of two facts. First, as of this moment —three months since the crisis began—there is no prospect of on-site inspection in Cuba. Once the Russians promised to withdraw their bombers, we responded by immediately lifting our naval quarantine. Since then we have made no real effort to obtain inspection. The second fact, however, raises issues far graver than the first. The President pledged not to invade Cuba if his original demands were complied with. This amounts to a guarantee that Communist penetration into this hemisphere has a right to exist if it shows no sign of military aggressiveness.

Nothing closer to an explicit retraction of the Monroe Doctrine has ever been made by any President. It would be bad enough if the alien intrusions into the hemisphere were not Communist. But Communism always prospers by deception and violence, and spreads itself by subversion if not by arms—a subversion in which Cuba has been actively and extensively engaged for some time. Moreover, the non-invasion pledge was completely gratuitous. The Communists had engineered a dangerous and provocative missile threat. For their withdrawal of this threat we owed them nothing. Nor did they have any means of wringing a non-invasion pledge from us against our will. They would have to remove the missiles or suffer a direct and devastating air attack on the emplacements. In this part of the world, at least, our navy and air force assure our ultimate control; and Soviet power is of little avail except with our acquiescence. Why, then, did we promise to respect the sovereignty of a regime deserving nothing but our implacable hostility?



The events of recent weeks have not been without their ironical touches. Khrushchev kept his ships coming toward our blockade till the last minute, and, till the last minute at the UN, Zorin denied the very existence of the missiles. Seeing that we meant business, Khrushchev then reversed course. Happy to escape with his missiles intact, and in his hands rather than ours, he promised to remove offensive weapons from Cuba and permit on-site inspection. The missiles left rapidly, and American officials were not much slower in crediting his "good faith" and turning their ire on his nasty Cuban henchman who alone now obstructed further progress. Thus, by swift and quiet withdrawal, Khrushchev skillfully lessened the ill repute that should accrue to him.

We even helped him do so. Instead of mercilessly exploiting our advantages as he exploited his in the U-2 incident of 1960 (where the threat to Russia and the direct deception were much smaller), we eased his way out by terminating official criticism once the missiles were under evacuation. And how quickly—almost eagerly—American officials and the press began to blame Castro's recalcitrance for Mikoyan's unusually long visit to Cuba. Some went so far as to suggest that Russia might be having second thoughts about its liaison with Cuba. Finally, Adlai Stevenson at the UN expressed relief that the world organization had intervened between us and the Soviets and thus terminated the direct and potentially explosive confrontation of the two giants. But he obscured the simple fact that the confrontation—to the extent one occurred—was a beneficial thing, not a disaster. It taught the Soviets something no words of ours or of the UN could have taught them, and only *after* our power had driven their missiles out of Cuba could the UN begin to play any role whatsoever. The morbid and doctrinaire fear of confrontation is a sign of our psychological paralysis in the face of modern weaponry, and its effect is to encourage and protect aggression.

Can the narrow scope of the President's demands in the crisis be justified by the imponderables of the Berlin problem? Viewed in this light, his task was to expel the offensive weapons with the smallest possible disturbance. Otherwise Khrushchev might be given the distraction or excuse he wanted for a new Berlin encroachment. This was certainly a very serious consideration, but it should not have been permitted to decide the issue. First, Khrushchev's Cuban scheme seemed to indicate doubts about his ability to move easily on Berlin without this additional missile threat at his disposal. Once the scheme was uncovered it was worse than useless to him, for a Berlin move in the midst of our anger over Cuba would have been exceedingly dangerous. And the greater the anger we showed, the greater would be his reluctance to try us further.

Khrushchev's scheme proves that he had become contemptuous of our coercive ability in situations calling for preventive action, or for running great risks. Under his leadership, Soviet influence has entered almost every corner of the globe in a wholly unprecedented manner. Who would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have thought, prior to 1956, that we would see Soviet pressures or actions in such widely distributed places as Egypt, Laos, Algeria, the Congo and Cuba? Riding on the crest of Soviet missiles and space achievements, and backed by superb conventional forces of every type, Khrushchev has advanced Soviet power and prestige under the hanging threat of our atomic superiority. And his accomplishments in Hungary, Laos, Cuba and Berlin must have added successively to his confidence. The Berlin Wall was his single greatest victory, and it went far toward weakening NATO's innermost spirit. West Berlin itself would be the next target, in a strategy aimed at destroying Western unity and ultimately gaining control of the industrial complex of eastern Europe. The fear that Khrushchev would do something before the year-end to change the status of Germany and West Berlin pervaded all Europe. The Cuban scheme may have recommended itself as the means of guaranteeing a quick and bloodless success.

One basic fact must have made such ambitions seem practicable. This was the West's proven inability to use its power—*i.e.*, its lack of the will and skill to employ the various techniques of coercion available to it. The increase in American conventional forces of which the Administration is so proud, the multiplication of Polaris submarines and other missile installations, the improvement of NATO's strategy—none of these seems to have elevated our stature in Khrushchev's eyes. Here is the most alarming implication of his Cuban move, and it bodes ill for our future in the Cold War.

Bad Impressions

For President Kennedy's Cuban response has hardly corrected this impression of our ineptness. The only thing he taught the Soviets was to make their daring moves with the caution they had momentarily—in their overconfidence—forgotten. He *had* to force the missiles out. It is what he could have done but did *not* do that will most strongly impress our Communist foes. He forced them to retract the move, and for a brief while aired their malice before the world. But he did nothing to penalize an action aimed at inflicting an almost mortal wound on us, and he even made a non-invasion pledge that had never been given before. To safeguard Berlin we needed a decisive victory in Cuba. We did not even get the *status quo ante*.

What has happened to the concern for the Cuban people that played so impressive a part in the President's first crisis address? It is hard to avoid the conclusion that we lack serious concern for their welfare. The recent degrading ransom of invasion prisoners reflects this unwillingness to adopt measures designed to liberate the entire country—including the much larger number of domestic political prisoners still languishing in Castro's jails. In 1956 we did little to assist the Hungarian revolution or to penalize the Soviets for the violence and deceit with which they suppressed it. Now we have outdone that record, and the one set in the interim at the Berlin Wall. Here, at our very doorstep, we again showed our unwillingness to act for Cuban liberty with anything like the forcefulness with which the Russians acted for Hungarian oppression. From this incapacity to capitalize on the opportunity his rashness gave us, Khrushchev will draw the appropriate conclusions, and they will not differ essentially from those of Mao. The Marxist prediction of the necessary decline of the West will have been further confirmed for both.

The fault lies not with individuals or parties but with our philosophy of international affairs. We no longer know how to coerce for moral ends, and are strapped by false moralisms and legalisms. We still think international affairs can be based on reason and agreement alone. We still cannot believe the Communists will use any expedient to accomplish our ruin. Not only are we still lacking in a positive policy for pushing them back, but we never punish their encroachments. Retaliation—that cold and harsh purgative of evil in the relations among nations, without which nothing good can survive—never enters our minds. We still respect the principle of the sovereignty and self-determination of Communist nations, without seeing the salient fact that they have no right to the advantages it confers. We are dismayed at the prospect of all-out war, but have yet to understand that the vigorous employment of lesser degrees of force is necessary both to protect our interests and to prevent our antagonists, by a miscalculation of our intention, from making moves to which we can only respond by mobilizing our vastest power.

Three Little Ladies

Givenchy, give me jodhpurs
Just like hers.
So when I, riding, pratfall at Glen Ora
I'll look as sleek
Gay, and chic
As she, orbiting the fence, begorra.

Balenciaga, donnez-moi
Je n' sais quoi
But make it something of the simpler sort,
Un bikini
Pour water-ski
Around Hyannis Port.

Dior! Ah, cher Christian!
Mon vieux Jean
M'a dit qu'il faut couvrir ma chair si riche
Dimanche matin
Au moins
Parmi les bavardeuses du Palm Biche.

W.F.R.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's "Bogus"— But Is It Featherbedding?

AARON H. BROWN

It is irritating, perhaps, to know that as a consumer you are paying the freight for a freight train fireman who merely rides the train with the pound of tomatoes you are going to buy. But the practice makes at least as much sense as the inclusion on the government payroll of Mrs. Adam Clayton Powell at $12,000 per year, or corporation stockholder subsidy of somebody's favorite nephew at an even higher figure. What say you, however, to a union work rule that obliges an employer to pay men for time spent making a product that when completed and pronounced perfect is tossed into the discard?

Article V, Section 2 of the general laws of the International Typographical Union (the union whose disproportionate demands have kept the New York metropolitan press shut down since December 9), known formally as the "reproduction of advertising" section and informally as the "bogus" section, provides:

> The interchanging, exchanging, borrowing, lending or buying of matter, either in the form of type or matrices, between newspapers, between job offices, or vice versa . . . shall not be allowed, unless such type or matrices are reset as nearly like the original as possible, made up, read and corrected and a proof submitted to the chairman [chief union steward] of the office.

Enforcing the Bogus

Local typographical unions are given a rather free hand in the enforcement of the above law, and some of them do not enforce it at all. But every local union contract—which must be approved by the ITU's Bureau of Contracts—binds the employer to do nothing that will violate the ITU General Laws, and some contracts go so far as to spell out just how Article V, Section 2 is to be applied.

Where enforcement of the "bogus" clause is rigid, things work out this way: Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey are coming to town and have planned an advertising campaign that includes ads in the local newspapers. They send advertising copy and layouts to an ad agency composition plant, which sets the type for the ads and makes matrices from the type. The matrices are then sent to the newspapers, where plates are made for use in the pages of the newspapers.

On the day the newspapers run the ads, Article V, Section 2 comes into play by requiring that the ads be reset by the printers in each newspaper's own composing room. Management is allowed a contractually specified period in which to have the ads reset. If the ads are not reset within that period, management is then in a state known as "behind on the bogus" wherein it a) may not lay off any printer, b) must hire as "extra" for at least one day any printer who shows up for work, and c) must "create" a "regular situation" for every five days of "extra" hiring in any one week. These penalties cease when the shop is "caught up on the bogus."

(It should be apparent that when word gets around town that the *Daily Bugle* is "behind on the bogus" unemployed printers head for the *Bugle* for a day's work or better—and the men who set the bogus are never in any hurry to get "caught up." Foremen who enjoy some degree of freedom from control by higher-ups in the plant also don't rush the bogus because it gives them a supply of labor greater than they would enjoy without it: men working on bogus may be swung over to "live" copy any time the foreman needs them there.)

Using clippings from the newspaper as copy, the printers set the ads that have already run. (There have been instances of reproduction of ads that were six months old.) Proofs of the ads are taken, proofread, corrected if necessary, and finally okayed and "checked off" by the shop chairman. Then, unless there is reason to believe the ad might run again, the type is "dumped." If the ad does run again, and if the type is "standing," management may use it to satisfy the bogus law. If the type is not standing the ad must be reset still another time.

Incidentally, it makes no difference to the union that the ads were set originally in a union shop. If the ads were not set in a union shop, the printers wouldn't even put the plates into the newspapers, let alone process them as bogus.

Is It Illegal?

In 1953 the Supreme Court held in a 6-3 decision that reproduction of advertising is not a violation of the Taft-Hartley Law. The law prohibits only arrangements whereby an employer is required to make payments for "services which are not performed or are not to be performed . . ." (standby orchestras, for example), and discussions in Congress before the law was passed show clearly that the anti-featherbedding provisions of Taft-Hartley were not aimed at the bogus rule of the ITU.

According to one union argument the cost of bogus is borne by the working printers in the form of lower wages. Lower, that is, than those they would receive in the absence of bogus. If the printers are strong enough to enforce bogus they are strong enough to enforce higher wages. But they waive the higher wages, they say, in favor of bogus, which can provide employment for printers during slack periods.

The employers fight it, though. Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent in disputes over which ads are "subject to reproduction"—for not all of them are. And there is almost daily wrangling in the shops between chairmen and foremen over such questions as whether certain letters in an ad are type or hand-drawn art work ("art" need not be reset), whether the ad is local or national (national ads need not be reset), and whether the reproduced ad is "as nearly like the original as possible."

When the ITU held a referendum on exchanging bogus for employer payments into an international (U.S. and Canada) pension and welfare fund a couple of years ago, the printers voted to continue the bogus.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a Cuban Journal

The Cubans we didn't ransom live in wretched circumstances. An eyewitness describes life in the hemisphere's first Communist state

JEAN-MARC DUFOUR

The shops along the streets are empty. Near my hotel, on the Calle San Rafael, a small crowd gathers in front of one window to behold: three radio sets, some electric goods, two vacuum cleaners. As I return home that night, the shop window is empty, the tempting objects removed, and only smudges on the pane indicate where children's fingers have pressed in admiration of the marvelous goods. On the other side of the Parque Central, a shop displays the Three Magi, not, however, bringing frankincense and myrrh. Rather, as proper Marxist kings, guided by a red star on which Fidel Castro's bearded profile is prominent, they carry the dove of a precarious peace, the hammer of forced labor, and the book of mass indoctrination.

These are the only goods generously distributed by the Castro Government. Socialism has come to stay in Cuba, and with it the inevitable poverty, scarcity, bureaucracy.

On my arrival, having looked for lodging in three hotels, I finally found a room at the Habana Libre, formerly the Hilton Habana. Later I inquired about a restaurant and was directed to the cafeteria, a glance at which proved startling.

Waiters were wiping the greasy tables and covering them with paper napkins, plastic tumblers and unmatched flatware and plates. One is seated by personnel still wearing Hilton uniforms (but which are worn out now, and shabby) and waits until the maître d'hôtel—sometimes dressed in the militia uniform he wore on sentry duty the previous night—pushes up the service table. The formalities of dining have remained ostensibly the same, but the service table carries only two dishes: one with white rice and minced meat, the other with some chicken croquettes and tomato rice. That's all. At first I believed this Spartan fare to be specially provided by the government at popular prices for convention delegates from the countryside. While this is true in part, the same food is all there is to be found in other restaurants, but at high prices. I visited, for example, the Mandarin, a Chinese restaurant on 23rd Street across from the Habana Libre, and encountered the same dismal fare, the same dilapidated premises. Here on certain evenings no meals were served at all. The same again at the Monseigneur, and at the Carmelo. . . . In one place the waiter whispered sadly, "We still have some bread pudding left."

Equitable Distribution?

A government communiqué of last December announced, in self-congratulation, the fulfillment of the plan for providing root vegetables—that is, potatoes, malanga, yucca, bananas for frying, and citrus fruits—for the city of Havana. The government, as a matter of fact, claimed the over-fulfillment of the plan: each resident of Havana had received, in the month of November, four pounds of root vegetables. Two-thirds of an ounce per meal!

I saw at least 200 people in front of the Manzana Gomez waiting in line for a hypothetical pair of shoes. For many months now, tailors have made suits only for the holders of "tickets," which are available only to members of delegations going abroad. In some stores, shirts seem to be purchasable in sufficient quantity, but a friend of mine, a good Communist and Fidelist, admitted he had spent a whole afternoon searching for a shirt in his size.

Why, then, should commerce—in such straits—be nationalized? Two arguments are advanced. The "idealists" assume a moral posture: merchandise would remain just as scarce, but at least it would be distributed more equitably by nationalization, without a black market and without profiteers. This is, of course, a joke: food products are already in government hands, and without a black market half of Cuba would long ago have starved to death. The other argument rests on political grounds. The logic of socialism demands that the state should control all activities, hence why should small trade be an exception? Then too, the argument runs, the inventories of small enterprises could be transferred to the large department stores, and the small entrepreneurs to more productive employment. However, no matter how plausible this latter case sounds, it assigns to the state some functions, such as shuffling human beings, in which the state is chronically incompetent and can only make matters worse.

Fidel has had to admit this: "We are ashamed when we think of all we had promised and are unable to deliver. . . . We thought that our revolution was so marvelous that we would have no difficulty in solving all problems."

The difficulties are still ubiquitous, and, together with the incomparable socialist stupidity, have overcome the revolution's early enthusiasm. The imposition of coercive measures had to follow—the curtailing of personal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberty, the reign of bureaucracy, the political police.

The government tightly limits the area in which foreign journalists may move about—foreseeing, no doubt, our difficulty in comprehending the greatness of the Cuban Revolution if we traveled over the island. But if the government thinks for one minute that it has managed to cut off our sources of communication, it is gravely mistaken. We are obliged merely to exercise a little more prudence in treating the voluminous information that comes our way. I can personally vouch for the absolute good faith and correct judgment of the person who told me the following story—a story worth a hundred speeches.

One day six peasants made some unfavorable remarks about the government. No one knows who tattled, but a week later they were called to the headquarters of the ORI (*Organizaciones Revolucionarias Integradas*) and were told that they'd get six years in jail if they criticized the government again. Jail or re-education camp, the famous Eucalyptograd, where they would have plenty of time to meditate while planting eucalyptuses. "Since that day," said one old peasant to my friend, "I haven't talked to anyone. When I work in the fields and another comes up to work near me, I just move off. You are the first person in six months to whom I have said more than just 'the sun shines' or 'it is raining.'" Another peasant told the same friend: "Before the revolution we wor for. . . . It was hard. They were harsh, no doubt about it. But if one of us fell ill, or when poverty was too much, we could move their hearts. You see, sir, now there is no heart anywhere."

How to Get Out

Add inhumanity to bureaucracy, and you have the world of Kafka, the concentration camp world. Officially, any Cuban who wishes to leave the republic may do so. But what this means in practice is something else again. A Cuban friend has told me the steps as follows: 1) Find a friend overseas who will send you your plane fare in U.S. dollars through the Bank of Canada. 2) Wait for the draft to arrive at the Banco Nacional de Cuba, which will verify the payment and let you know about it. 3) Go to the Banco Nacional and receive in pesos—one peso for a dollar—the amount sent, plus a letter authorizing you to pay your fare in Cuban currency. 4) Inoculation. 5) Present all your receipts for rent paid to the office of the Reforma Urbana (which owns all buildings and apartments). 6) Get your passport. 7) Get an American visa or a waiver of a visa. 8) Ask the police precinct for "authorization to present your documents in view of leaving the island." They tell you to come back in six months; you register on a list of persons requesting permission to "present their documents." 9) If you are a public employee, resign. Ask that your resignation be accepted. At present no physician or technician is permitted to leave. 10) Ask the Reforma Urbana to take a complete inventory of your possessions, from teaspoons to pillow cases.

11) Wait for the police telegram stating the day and hour of your departure. 12) Return to the Reforma Urbana with said telegram and the inventory list and ask that a second inventory be made, checking on the first. 13) Unplug your telephone, return it in person to the telephone company, and pay your bill. 14) Go to the utility company and pay your gas and electric bill—plus two extra weeks' charges in case you stay a while longer. 15) On the eve of your departure, go to the police station with the Reforma Urbana receipts, the receipts from the telephone company, the receipts from the utility company, the key to your house, and the key to your car. Hand all this to the police. Get your receipt. 16) Go to a hotel; your home no longer belongs to you. Take a taxi; you no longer have a car. 17) Go to the airport, but remember you have no right to take money or jewels out of the country. Wedding rings are confiscated at the airport, and, naturally, furs. Extra sets of eyeglasses are confiscated too, as also your fountain pen unless you have an American visa. You are entitled to leave Cuba with two suits (old), one pair of shoes, two shirts, and two underpants. Any doubtful object you wish to take along may a) be confiscated; b) prevent your departure; c) land you in prison.

We must mention the terror, too, since it exists, although it is disguised. I remember my first conversations with taxi drivers when I attempted to inquire in my bad Spanish what they thought of the situation. The answer I invariably received was: "It's not too bad." Until the day when one of them turned to me and asked: "What country are you from?" "I am French." "Journalist?" "That's right." "So you write for *l'Humanité?*" "I do not." "You are a Communist?" "No."

His reaction came as an explosion: "The Communists, they should all be killed!" He gestured as if slitting his throat. "We have nothing to eat, nothing to put on, no freedom, only terror. I'd rather die under an atomic bomb than go on living here." Such was his fury that for a second I thought we would be run over by a bus. Before I left him, he turned to me and said: "You must tell it all, you must!" Then with a handshake: *"Adios, amigo."*

I would not have mentioned it if it had been an isolated case. But I witnessed such fury many times; once a driver, after he asked me about my country and my work, and also if I was a Communist, simply told me as I handed him the fare, "For people like you it is free," and drove off with a friendly movement of his hand.

If such hatred for the regime came from a trade or profession that is directly affected (as cab drivers suffer from the lack of spare parts or the scarcity of automobiles), I would not

(Continued on p. 71)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from the Continent

The "Spiegel" Affair

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

I wonder whether anybody not living in Germany and not reading *Der Spiegel* regularly, can grasp the nature of the excitement which has dominated the country for the past several weeks to such an extent that it largely overshadowed the Cuban crisis. *Der Spiegel* is a weekly review published in Hamburg by a certain Rudolf Augstein, who is not, as has been insinuated from time to time, a Jew. Herr Augstein's "Augean Stable," as it is often called, originally copied *Time* magazine in rather slavish fashion. *Der Spiegel*—it means "The Mirror"—is a classic example of the dangers of transplantation in general and, in particular, of the swift degeneration of certain things American when transferred to Europe.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Plain Muckraking

There is still a dash of *Time* in *Der Spiegel* as far as format and certain stylistic clichés go, but there is also a good deal of the *Police Gazette,* and a plain muckraking, *fin de siècle* style. Basically *Der Spiegel* stands for a sterile and negative opposition with a thick veneer of sophistication. It is the organ of that curious postwar plant—the left-of-center German intelligentsia. A popular quip goes like this:

"Who reads the *Bildpost?"* (A sensationally printed illustrated rag, prominently featuring murder and sex stories.)

"Lieschen Müller." (The prototype of silly Miss Everybody.)

"And who reads *Der Spiegel?"*

"Lieschen Müller Ph.D."

This is far from explaining the character and the function of *Der Spiegel* in German society, and in the West German state. To understand its role one has to grasp the curious personality of Herr Augstein. He comes from Hamburg and, whether he realizes it or not, he is still clinging to the picture of a Prussian-led Germany. What he visualizes is a sober, puritanical country, efficiently run by a left-of-center regime. He has little love for the *Bundesrepublik Deutschland,* which he regards as a satellite of the United States and, up to a point, of a France which he sees as Catholic, dishonest, slovenly, provincial, haphazardly administered, autocratic and bereft of the truly German (and therefore good) virtues. This results in a deep-seated and ill-defined grudge against the Federal Republic which every now and then flares into genuine and consuming hatred.

The big Lutheran domains in the East are lost or cut off from West Germany; "colonial Germany" (settled and conquered in the early Middle Ages) is beyond the Iron Curtain, and what remains is the "Old Germany," the most cultured (and least bellicose) parts. The big businessman of Düsseldorf, who now considers Paris his metropolis (Berlin is too far off), is as indicative of this change as the gradual disappearance of the sharp northern accents. The large estates and military barracks, the poor soil and the grey frugality of the East no longer affect a West and South Germany which live as a free and prosperous nation. The sybaritic *joie de vivre* of Germany today is not due only to its spiritually devastating prosperity. The Rhine, the Main, the Upper Danube have an old tradition of hedonism.

Herr Augstein will assail anything closely or even remotely connected with the *Bundesrepublik:* Christianity in general and the Catholic faith in particular, the new army, the new navy, the new upper class and the old upper class, everything and everybody contributing to the survival of the more or less Christian state.

The reaction to the arrest of Herr Augstein grew largely out of a genuine fear that his paper might fold. German intellectuals love the weekly which provides them with fun and excitement. Since the fall of Nazism there has been a general suspiciousness on the part of most Germans toward idealism of any kind. This cynicism is difficult for outsiders to fathom. "Decayed altars are inhabited by demons," as Ernst Jünger says. Such nihilism also exists in today's Japan; history records that it arose in France in the wake of Napoleon's defeat and capture.

Political Skeletons

A great uneasiness pervaded Germany after 1945. There is hardly a family without its political skeleton in the closet, and *Der Spiegel* was the magazine to exploit this situation. Large sectors of Germany trembled before this muckraking weekly. And the muckraking often went beyond all bounds, as witness the attacks on Franz Josef Strauss, a likely target because of his religion, his autocratic attitude, his job as Defense Minister, his Bavarian background. The charge of corruption levelled against him by *Der Spiegel* finally boiled down to a minor negligence. (As if Strauss needed money!) But no wonder that Strauss subsequently took a hand in the crackdown on the *Spiegel* editors, though whether he acted wisely is another question.

The government obviously had been waiting for an opportunity to get even with *Der Spiegel.* It came when *Der Spiegel* published a top-secret report on the efficiency, or rather inefficiency, of the new Federal Army. The outcry after Herr Augstein's arrest, sparked by the Left intelligentsia, was out of all proportion to the provocation. For tactical reasons of its own, the Free Democratic Party joined in the protest. But the Bonn Government was within its rights.

Situations arise when the thirst for revenge and the dictates of duty coincide, but this the German public does not yet understand, and the ouster of Strauss and near collapse of the Adenauer Government have muddied rather than clarified the situation. The end of the *Spiegel* affair is by no means yet in sight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The People v. *Teachers' Associations*

"The loss of state and local control of our schools could spell disaster to our society and our culture, for the present pattern of school control is a basic and determining factor in the pluralistic structure of our culture, which in turn is fundamental to our democratic institutions." So says Dr. Sterling McMurrin—who, alas, recently resigned the post of Federal Commissioner of Education. "Every effort should be made to guard against the establishment of a monolithic educational structure that would reduce our intellectual life to a single controlled pattern and destroy the genuine competition among ideas that now generally prevails."

Kirk

The Little Lake Story

Out in Santa Fe Springs, California, the Little Lake City School District has been tussling with a powerful and arbitrary organization that endeavors to deprive local school boards of that beneficial control which Dr. McMurrin describes. Two readers have sent to me, separately, extensive information on this contest. Those interested in greater detail than I can supply on this page may obtain a succinct and literate account, published as a pamphlet, from Parents for Better Education (4433 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles 43): "The Little Lake Story."

In 1960, the Little Lake school board appointed a reforming superintendent, Mr. William G. Stanley, who believed that schools primarily are institutions for the development of mind and character. Late in the year, the board adopted a statement of educational philosophy, based on the recommendations of the Citizens Advisory Commission's Report to the Joint Interim Committee on Education of the California State Legislature—a document quoted on this page some months ago. In general, the statement emphasized the training of the mind, which it ranked before "life adjustment" and "social adaptation."

One might expect that an organization purporting to represent the interests of public school teachers would be pleased at this declaration of the primacy of the intellect. But the California Teachers Association—run by a set of intolerant doctrinaires—only professedly represents the Californian teachers. The CTA oligarchs were infuriated at the presumption of the Little Lake school board in breaking with Deweyite orthodoxy—and especially wrathful when Superintendent Stanley declared that the imparting of patriotism is a proper function of public schools.

So the CTA set to work to undo this pestilent school board. Of all the state teachers' associations affiliated with the National Education Association, the CTA is the most bullying and abusive toward dissenters. On the pretext of righting teachers' vague complaints of wrongs, the CTA "imposed sanctions" upon Little Lake: a boycott, intended to dissuade teachers from taking posts in the schools there, and so to force the school board to its knees. The CTA withdrew its teacher-placement service, and served notice on its members that "employment in the District would not be conducive to fulfillment of professional responsibilities."

This form of coercion against duly-elected public officials was a novel undertaking for the teachers' associations, which ordinarily are able to dominate school boards by more subtle means, such as campaigning for the nomination and election of school board candidates pledged in advance to subservience to the "progressive" educationists. When *Time* reported the controversy (August 17), *Time* predicted that the Little Lake school board would be compelled, eventually, to come to terms with the overmastering CTA.

But I bring glad tidings of great joy for those Americans who believe that schools ought to be more than social circles: the Little Lake school board has not given an inch. The voters of Little Lake have been willing to grant more money than ever before to their schools, now that they have evidence of some purpose in public education. And there has been no difficulty about finding competent teachers, despite the menaces of CTA: indeed, many good teachers seem deliberately to have applied for posts at Little Lake, where they might be permitted to exercise their vocation adequately. (Almost to a man, the better teachers in every state resent the domination of the educationist ideologues of the state teachers' associations.)

Cheery Future

So the future seems cheery enough for the rising generation at Little Lake, supposing the school board and Mr. Stanley continue to be supported by the public. And the election of Dr. Max Rafferty as California Superintendent of Public Instruction, by a majority of 250,000, has shown well enough that the people of California are sick and tired of the CTA's swaggering and anti-intellectualism. Californian papers described the Rafferty victory as "a stunning blow to the CTA."

This brings us back to Dr. Sterling McMurrin, no admirer of the NEA and its affiliates. "While we guard against 'federal' control," he says, "we should not lose sight of the possibility of 'national' control—control of education by the bureaucracies of large and powerful educational organizations. These bureaucracies are just as real, and exhibit all the vices of a government bureaucracy."

The resolution of a few intelligent people at Santa Fe Springs has given us some surety against the ambitions of that irresponsible and extra-legal bureaucracy to which Dr. McMurrin refers. I doubt that the tactic of "sanctions" against school boards will be attempted soon again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Report

An Appalling Indifference

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

An editorial by Father James Coleman in a parish magazine, *The Kevinews,* is reprinted in that excellent paper *The Wanderer.* Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., who was a prisoner of the Communists, is quoted as contrasting what he hoped to find on his return to America—Catholic organizations, colleges and schools "aroused to do battle for those who were suffering persecution for justice's sake"—with the "appalling indifference" that he found. I was reminded of a conversation with the Catholic Bishop of Berlin, shortly after the June 17 rising. I was at the time working for the American administration in occupied Germany and had been much impressed by a group of students in an East German university who were wearing the badge of their Catholic Students' Union. "Those boys and girls," said the Bishop, "are living with the thought of martyrdom as a possibility. When they send representatives to our Catholic Reunion in West Germany the contrast between them and our easy-going young Catholics living in security is overwhelming. They might be inhabitants of another planet."

A Christian Problem

I am always conscious of the same contrast when I meet Christians who have lived and suffered under Communism. This indeed is a Christian, rather than a specifically Catholic, problem and, if I confine myself to criticism of Catholic "indifference," it is only because I feel that all Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, must begin by doing what they can to win support from their own communion for the victims of Communist persecution. Many a Protestant would have much the same tragedies to report as a Czech priest whom I recently met. "The Communists," he said, "know that Americans are only too anxious to believe that the persecution of religion is relaxing, and only too reluctant to admit that the Communists have never wavered in their determination to destroy Christianity. They are very clever in their methods. They will repair a historic church which they regard as a national monument and will circulate photos in the West. They will let a priest teach in the lowest grades of a school for an hour a week and use the photographs to prove that religion is not persecuted, but they will, as the Nazis did, arrange their youth meetings to coincide with Mass. Both parents have to sign a request for the child to attend Mass, knowing that this ensures that their child has no possibility of a career. The last time I was in a big church in my country there were only six children at Mass. Only fifty seminarists are allowed in the whole country. Priests are dying off five times quicker than they can be replaced. If this goes on there will be little of the Church left fifty years from now."

A priest who had been expelled from North Vietnam and whom I met in Rome said to me, "When I returned to my own country Catholics were just not interested in the fate of Catholics in Vietnam. It is not only the Church behind the Iron Curtain that can be described as the Silent Church. The Church in the free world is silent or almost silent about the slow but tragically efficient uprooting of religion."

"You know of course," I said, "that we are often told that it only makes matters worse for Christians in Communist countries if we draw attention to their sufferings."

Yes, he too had heard that, and like every other priest with experience of conditions behind the Iron Curtain he knew that the only hope of an improvement is constant publicity, as for instance in the UN.

Jews and Negroes have been very successful in mobilizing world opinion against their persecutors. It was the Africans in the UN, with the enthusiastic support of the Negro pressure group in America, who carried the vote to condemn South Africa last year. The National Catholic Welfare Conference does what it can to force the UN to take cognizance of the persecution of religion in Communist countries, but it has no success because there is no pressure group to reinforce its efforts. By way of contrast, let me recall that it was the Catholics in America and my country who saved Catholic Spain in the civil war. Three ships, loaded with ammunition for the Reds, were in New York Harbor preparing to sail when an American Catholic, Aileen O'Brien, telephoned to most of the American Bishops. On the following Sunday hundreds of priests urged their congregations to telegraph their protests to the White House. Tens of thousands of telegrams reached the President and the ships were unloaded. American pressure speeded up the independence of Ireland, and that pressure was due to the Irish vote. The Balfour Declaration, the charter which finally led to the creation of the State of Israel, was partly due to American pressure influenced by the Jewish vote. Why is there no corresponding pressure by Christians to mobilize world opinion on behalf of persecuted Christians?

The Tyranny of Fashion

The answer, I fear, is that Christians, like other people, find it difficult to resist the tyranny of fashion, and a particularly illiberal type of Liberalism is the fashionable creed of the moment. I once defined a true Liberal as a man who objects to the persecution of conservatives. Such Liberals are none too common, for most of them indulge in that selective indignation which condones in their political allies what they condemn in their political opponents. Liberals do not object to persecution as such, only to the persecution of particular groups—Jews, for instance, or Negroes. Every possible excuse was made for the murder of thousands of priests in Red Spain during the civil war. Martyrdom, one gathered from the Liberal press, was a vocational disease in the Catholic priesthood which called for no comment.

In a letter which I wrote to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazis to explain why the ski club I founded would refuse to cooperate in organizing the Arlberg-Kandahar after the Nazis had occupied Austria, I based our case mainly on Nazi anti-Semitism, but I have no desire to book a seat on the Liberal bandwagon. I find it easier to understand the me-too Republican who endorses Liberal programs than the me-too Christian who follows all the fashions set by secular Liberals, particularly the fashion of ignoring the supreme tragedy of our times, the persecution of Christians in the Communist third of the world. I find it difficult to pump up much interest in the merits or demerits of Mass in the vernacular at a time when, in many parts of the world, Mass can only be said in the modern catacombs. I am glad that Catholics should oppose segregation but sad that so many Catholics are far more interested in the fate of Mr. Meredith, who enjoys the full support of the government and who would have found many universities happy to receive him if he had failed to compel the University of Mississippi to admit him, than in the fact that in many Communist countries it is becoming increasingly difficult for a man known to be a practicing Catholic to achieve a university education.

If only Christians in Communist countries had proxy votes in Presidential and congressional elections, the reactions of politicians to their suffering would be very different, and even me-too Catholics might register some public concern for their plight.

Meanwhile I invite such readers as agree with me to join a society with no officers and no subscription and only one rule. Every member pledges himself to write to his senator and congressman, or in my country to his member of parliament, to ask him what steps he is taking to bring the matter of religious persecution before the UN.

The Coming Crisis In ———

A Handy Little Timesaver for Busy Journalists

(Simply insert or circle the appropriate words)

GEORGE HARTUNG

As my plane circled the airport at ———, the capital of ———, I could see at a glance, as could any perceptive traveler, the source of that unhappy nation's troubles. Gleaming new buildings thrust ambitiously into the sky side by side with the dismal hovels of the poor, and on the newly paved streets automobiles sped past native pedestrians and (camel caravans) (rickshaws) (handbarrows) (elephants) (dogsleds) (donkeys) (llamas).

The dismayed citizens of this meeting place of old and new have been flung headlong into the twentieth century, and their chief city is a striking dramatization of their plight. There can be no turning back; those new buildings are solidly planted.

My return to ——— has confirmed my belief that events here are heading toward a showdown. At the airport (largely financed by U.S. tax dollars) all is bustle as one disembarks—diplomats, journalists, and military people from both sides of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains are frequent visitors, as are many enterprising businessmen from Europe and the United States. The international atmosphere of the air terminal is charged with tension. Here opportunities wait to be grasped by the intrepid as this (tiny) (vast) country moves to the center of the world stage. As President Kennedy has intimated, ——— is the key to the future.

Americans are received courteously but reservedly by customs officials. Beneath their noncommittal politeness one senses that they are well aware of the differences between themselves and the citizens of the richest, (most) (second most) powerful nation in the world.

Dangerous Times

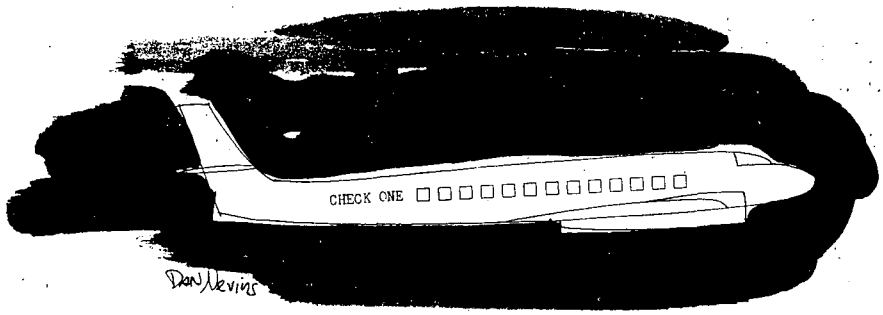
This attitude is unmistakably evident among government officials at all levels. A highly placed informant of this writer remarked that "your country has done much for us, and I, for one, am well aware of it. But one must proceed cautiously. These are dangerous times." Plaintively he added, "You Americans cannot really understand us. Our need is great, but we are a proud people. There is so little time."

Inner circles here are frank to admit that the recent incident in the (Agriculture) (War) (Health) (Education) (Welfare) (Propaganda) (Sports) (Bureau) (Ministry) (Department) almost led to the brink of disastrous events. It is common knowledge that the country cannot afford another scandal of the same magnitude. Rumors of shifts in high-ranking personnel sweep the length of the American Bar of ———'s most fashionable hotel, where one is likely to rub elbows with (field marshals) (sheiks) (automobile salesmen) (medicine men) (exotic dancers) (tribal leaders) (palace police)—the real power here—and secretive correspondents accredited to *Izvestia*.

Bankers are concerned about the (present) (recent) (anticipated) instability of the local currency. The fact that exchange rates (do) (do not) fluctuate is an indication of the concern of the financial community. One of ———'s greatest problems is that it is a one-product economy, and should the world market in (cotton) (copra) (betel nuts) (oil) (bananas) (dime-store jewelry) (lignite) suddenly decline, panic would sweep this city. Look for vigorous action to be taken in the economic area in the near future. Efforts to develop a more diversified economy are inevitable. The only question is what direction new uses of the (meager) (almost unlimited) resources will take.

Those responsible for internal security keep a close watch upon stu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



dents. Meetings and demonstrations have given cause for official concern. Some conservative political leaders have openly questioned the wisdom of offering educational opportunities to so many so rapidly. Justification for their attitude might be found by some in the words of one student I interviewed as he and a female companion took part in a street demonstration. His eyes flashed as he said, "It is imperative that a democratic social order be established in which intellectuals are given the respect and authority they deserve."

I questioned him about his ambitions for himself, and he replied by quoting the words of a young student in the (U.S.) (USSR) with whom he corresponds regularly: "'These are not times for personal ambition. The student must prepare himself to serve, not to be served.'"

I nodded agreement, adding, "(But) (And) what is it you expect in the way of personal fulfillment?"

"There will be time for that later. We must aim for the goals so lucidly set forth by (Tito) (Benjamin Franklin) (Mao) (Nehru) (Nasser) (Bertrand Russell) (Castro). At present I am concentrating heavily on courses in sociology and political science so that I can more readily and profoundly understand the momentous times in which we live. There is no place here for the non-activist."

They Also Serve

Turning to his charming (sloe) (slant) (brown) (blue)-eyed companion, I asked what the women of ——— expected of the future.

Her eyes flashed as she said, "The same opportunities to serve the nation that our men want. The USSR has recognized that women are as valuable as men in any of the professions like medicine and engineering."

When I pointed out that President Kennedy's personal physician had been a woman the girl snapped back, "Ah, but she was not an engineer!"

In the last analysis, however, it is the average man who is the real key to the temperament of a nation. I stopped near a group of (workers) (hunters) (loafers) on the outskirts of the city, and (with) (without) the aid of an interpreter I spoke to one, a middle-aged man, who thoughtfully leaned upon his (shovel) (rake) (hoe) (spear) (elbow) and pondered a moment before answering my query about the direction he expected his people to take.

"Walter Lippmann is right," he replied, "when he asserts that although political leaders may well be aware of the most suitable course of action they are not always free to follow that course. Often the pressure of events overcomes the finest motives and intelligences. Our politicians may well have to make what they know will turn out, in the end, to be a bad bargain." He paused and added plaintively, "You Americans cannot really understand us. Our need is great, but we are a proud people. There is so little time."

His words echoed through my mind as on my last day in ——— I stood for a few moments before the American (embassy) (consulate) (Express agency). It was a holiday and there were no demonstrators. As I studied the familiar yet strangely out-of-place façade of the building, clouds gathering in the sky behind it seemed symbolic of the obscure future of American ideals in this corner of the world.

On the sidewalk before the tiny outpost of America, men in Western-style business suits jostled against (turbaned) (kimonoed) (sombreroed) (loin-clothed) (fur-clad) (tattooed) natives, and I felt the tension in the air. ———s are confused, angry, and resentful. The next few (days, weeks, months) may tell us which way these people will turn—to the modified capitalism of the West or to the regimented economic system spreading across Europe and Asia.

Will I return in happier days to this turbulent and fascinating land? Only *(Time) (The Reporter) (Harper's) (CBS Reports)* will tell.

FROM A CUBAN JOURNAL

(Continued from p. 66)

attribute too much importance to it. But, each time I managed to speak unobserved with Cubans, it was the same fury, the same despair. Even among people serving the regime in some capacity or other an extreme weariness was evident.

What happens after Castro goes? Let me hint at the prognosis by mentioning a particular case, that of the *"becados"* (those holding a scholarship). There are thousands of them, twenty thousand, I was told in Havana—sons of peasants and workers, suddenly transported to the luxury villas of Miramar. We may ask, what is the regime going to do tomorrow with these half-baked intellectuals, impregnated with Marxism like a sponge with water, to whom high cadre positions are promised, and who are encouraged to think of themselves as the future masters of Cuba?

The case of the *"becados"* is not unique. There are also the mass-produced half-physicians (really, glorified nurses), and the bank employees who vainly think they can perform in the framework of modern banking operations. And what will happen to those who were hastily put up in apartments evacuated by refugees?

The problems arising from these various transplantations are the same. Pushing the people back to their starting place would be to prepare a new revolution; using them in posts of secondary importance would mean to depend on an unreliable cadre; turning over to them the positions Castro has promised would only take the country further down the road to ruin.

(Translated by Thomas Molnar)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Poems

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Over Brooklyn Bridge *

Mayakovsky
has it!—
'in the place
of style, an austere
disposition of bolts.'
The poet cedes
his elocutionary function
to the telephone book:
Helmann
Salinas
Yarmolinsky,
words
reciprocally
kindling one another
like the train of fire
over a jewel box.
Miss Moore
had a negress
for a maid whose father
was a Cherokee.
'No,' she said
'I do not live in town
I live in Brooklyn.
I was afraid
you wouldn't like it here—
it's gotten so ugly.'
I liked Brooklyn
with its survival
of wooden houses
and behind trees
the balconies colonnaded.
And what I liked
about the bridge
was the uncertainty
the way
the naked steel
would not go naked
but must wear
its piers of stone—

as the book says
'stylistically
its weakest feature.'
I like
such weaknesses, the pull
the stone base
gives to the armature.
I live
in a place of stone
if it's still there
by the time I've sailed to it.
Goodbye
Miss Moore
I hope
the peacock's feather you once saw
at the house of Ruskin
has kept its variegations.
Jewels
have histories:
'I never did
care for Mallarmé'
she said
and the words
in the book of names
are flames not bolts.

An Insufficiency of Earth

The wind goes over it. You see
the broken leaf-cope breathe
subsidingly, and lift itself
like water levelling. Stemmed,
this cloud of green, this mammoth
full of detail shifts
its shimmering, archaic head
no more. You think it for a second
hugely dead, until the ripple
soundless on the further corn,
is roaring in it. We cannot pitch
our paradise in such a changeful
nameless place and our encounters
with it. An insufficiency of earth
denies our constancy. For,
content with the iridescence of the moment,
we must flow with the wood-fleece
in a war of forms, the wind
gone over us, and we
drinking its imprints, faceless as the sea.

* 'The poet cedes his elocutionary function . . .' is a slightly travestied version of a famous passage from Mallarmé's *Crise de Vers*: '*l'oeuvre pure implique la disparition élocutoire du poète, qui cède l'initiative aux mots . . .*'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is There a Stalemate?

M. STANTON EVANS

Congressman Melvin Laird of Wisconsin is one of the Republican Party's specialists in the field of foreign policy. As a member of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee of the House, he has had frequent access to information, much of it classified, on the state of America's defenses and the condition of her fortunes abroad. Laird has now written a book on these matters, and in so doing he has joined Congressional expertise to a scholarly comprehension of Bolshevism and the struggle it has thrust upon us. *A House Divided,* subtitled "America's Strategy Gap," is a wise and often brilliant book, which reveals its author as considerably more knowledgeable than the official soothsayers whose views he examines.

His thesis is one familiar to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW; yet he sets it forward with such clarity and thoroughness that it unfolds new insights at every turning. He begins with the affirmation that Western society, in its confrontation with Moscow, has something larger at stake than biological survival; that Western man, to be worthy of his heritage, must hold certain values important enough to die for them. Only if that proposition is central to our policy, Laird says, can we marshal a credible defense against the Communist enemy —a defense which can enable us both to resist *and* to survive, not as slaves but as free men. Upon this foundation, he builds his critique of our continuing default in the Cold War. America, he demonstrates, must:

A House Divided, by Melvin R. Laird. Regnery, $3.95

- Realize Communism *is* the enemy, and that the antagonism cannot be conjured away by talk of "mellowing" or "accommodation" or "co-existence."
- Know that the enemy can, however, be deterred by strength properly employed, and deterred without touching off a nuclear Armageddon.
- Fathom the techniques, psychological and political, by which Communism is now contriving our defeat, and devise methods to neutralize these.
- Fashion a strategy which will look beyond containment of current Soviet advances to the business of dislodging the enemy from command positions gained during previous aggressions—revoking the defeatist guarantee that the Cold War will be waged only in territory held by the Free World.

Many aspects of this discussion are worthy of extended comment. One in particular is memorable because Laird is virtually alone among public officials, Liberal or conservative, in spelling out its significance. This is the matter of America's response to the Soviet campaign of nuclear terror, with its peculiar mixture of technical and psychological components. Laird calls the response "the underdog strategy." In official circles, it goes by the more palatable name of "the safe assumption."

Since the middle fifties, the Soviet Union has obstreperously claimed vast prowess in aircraft, nuclear weapons, and missilery. For the most part, these claims are unsubstantiated by the record. In many cases—principally those of long-range bombers and inter-continental missiles—subsequent developments have proved them false. The "safe assumption" holds, nevertheless, that we should take Soviet claims as fact; that we should believe the Soviets are in truth far more powerful than we in space-age weaponry, or—failing that —substantially our equals; in either event, that we should accept the existence of an effective "stalemate," in which the United States and the Soviet Union have at their disposal the means of mutual obliteration. This is called "safe" because it is deemed more prudent to overestimate one's enemy than to underestimate him.

A House Divided approaches the "safe assumption" theory from two directions. First, Laird examines the techniques necessary to counter Communist aggression within the framework of the "stalemate." He observes that planning for "limited" war with conventional forces, à la General Maxwell Taylor, largely misses the point. Confronted by our atomic arsenal, the Soviets are not likely to send their armies marching across borders. In the assumed condition of nuclear deadlock, the more probable form of aggression is "sublimited"—guerrilla action, capture of nationalist movements, subversion. Laird spells out the required countermeasures—*e.g.,* the helicopter-airlift of troops and "strategic village" tactics employed in South Vietnam.

Accompanying this discussion, he directs a withering fire at the obvious confusion of U.S. policy in various parts of the globe—confusion stemming from the fact that our officials have no clean concept of what Communism is, and so try to conciliate it in Laos and the Congo at the very time they are fighting it in Vietnam or Berlin.

At a more fundamental level, Laird tackles the idea of the stalemate itself. It is, he argues, a myth, and a pernicious one. Strategically, it checkmates America's nuclear advantage. Psychologically, it engenders official hesitation, nuclear pacifism, and associated pressures for "disarmament." Tactically, it provides the Communists with a zone of immunity within which they may wage "sublimited" war at their leisure.

In short, the "mutual deterrent"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posited by "safe-assumption" thinking does not deter the Communists; it does deter us. We are prevented from bombing north of the Yalu River or helping Hungarian freedom fighters because such action might "touch off a nuclear holocaust." The Communists are not prevented from subverting Laos or the Congo or Cuba. Moreover, by assuming us into a stalemate when it does not in fact exist, this line of thought brings us closer to the day when it will. Intimidated from acting now, when the advantage is ours, we give the Communists both the time and the elbow room necessary to reverse things. Laird observes:

> Time today not only buys the Soviets opportunity to perfect new missiles and nuclear warheads, but it also buys opportunity to make existing missiles more and more invulnerable and, more importantly, to wage virtually unrestricted political and psychological warfare. . . . We could, in short, move into a future where the upper end of the scale of power would be balanced in truth as it is today in popular misconception.

A specific example of Laird's thesis came to light shortly after his book was published, in the Soviet build-up of Cuba. For the first time since the beginning of the Cold War, the American homeland was probably threatened by Soviet missiles—medium-range missiles stationed just 90 miles from our shores. Although the build-up had been going on since July, President Kennedy and his subordinates took no effective precautions and assured themselves the Communist intention in Cuba was purely defensive. Why? Among other reasons, because our assumption that the Communists could *already* bombard the U.S. with long-range rockets made it seem preposterous they would go to such great difficulty to build missile bases in Cuba. By assuming the unproved existence of ICBMs, we blinded ourselves to the presence and danger of real short-range missiles.

This is but one of several instances in which Congressman Laird's book is validated by events as well as by the inner logic of his argument. And it is but one of many reasons why *A House Divided* is required reading for serious students of the Cold War.

Obfuscation of the Obvious

VINCENT MILLER

MR. PRESTHUS' subject is an important one, but what he has to say about it has, in itself, no importance at all. *The Organizational Society* is therefore significant for what it typifies; and since its author claims that his work represents an attempt, financed by the Ford Foundation, to study all the social sciences and to bring their full weight to bear upon the problem at hand, it is perhaps excusable to give the book the review it solicits.

The Organizational Society, by R. V. Presthus. Knopf, $6.00

What Mr. Presthus writes about is the bureaucratization of modern society, a subject that has had some importance both for conservatives and Liberals. The Right has to date had the advantage, both of the conceptions of limited and balanced governmental powers that animated the American Republic, and of the thought of Christian theorists who have attempted to define the limited role of institutions that enable, but do not of themselves produce, lives oriented toward ultimate good. The Left, having no such advantage, has tended, at least in America, to stress the bureaucratic organization of big business rather than of big government, and to invoke the concept of "alienation," which Marx promulgated but unfortunately dropped for a "there's-the-villain" anti-capitalism. Positively, it has advocated "restoring" to "work" its "joy," a concept whose unexamined premises Hannah Arendt rather damagingly analyzed a few years ago in *The Human Condition*. On the propaganda level, the Left has no doubt had the better of it, popularizing an image of Madison Avenue "organization men."

The subject is, then, vitally important and much has and needs to be done with it. If Mr. Presthus has managed to write a 300-page book without suggesting anything new or repeating any perception of value, it is because the urgency of the problem he writes about has given way, both for him and for his colleagues—unless all those footnotes claiming kinship stir up a storm of protest—to something more demanding: the problem of how to institutionalize a methodology which, granted intelligence, one doesn't need, and, failing it, is of no use at all.

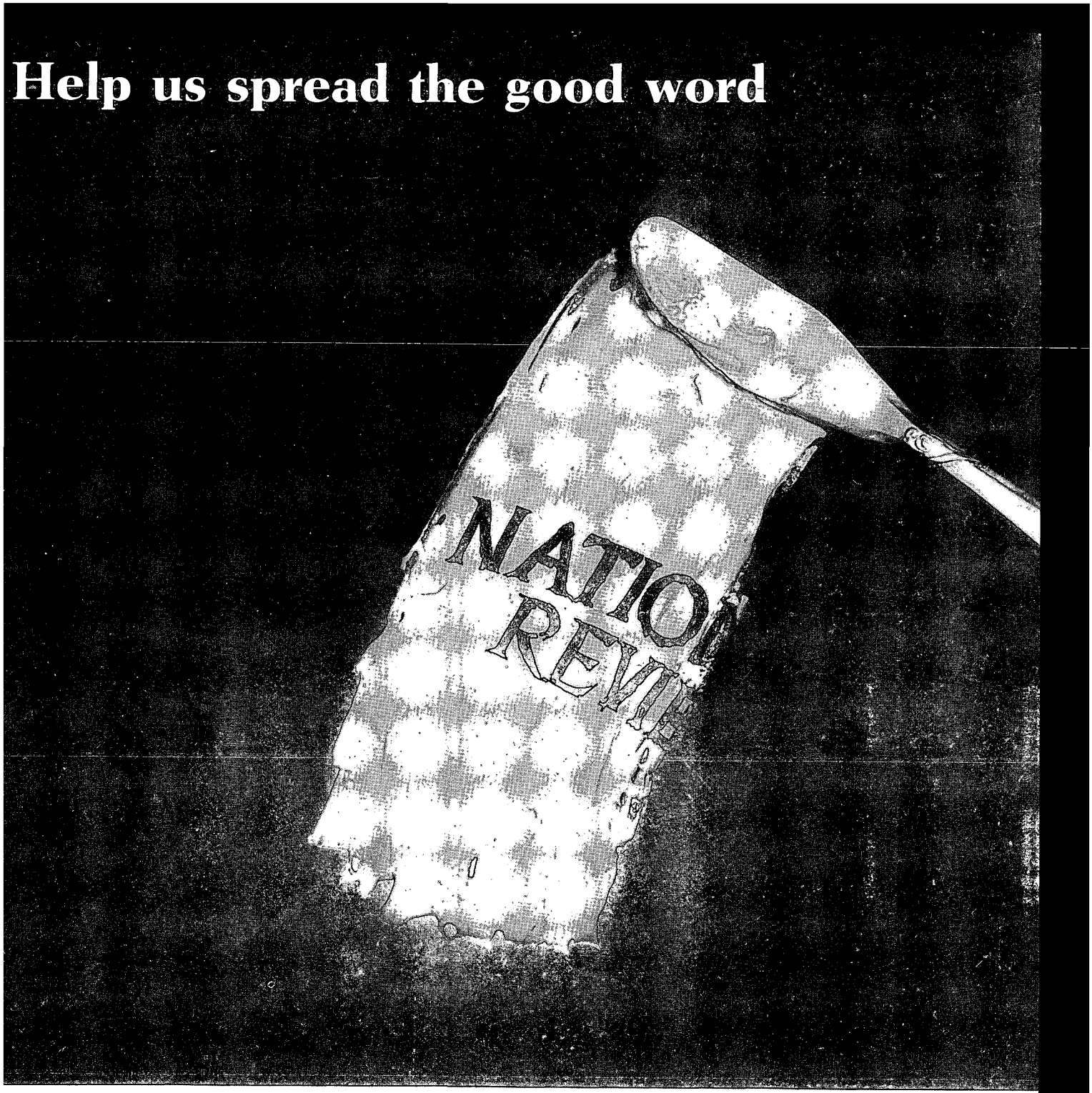
I don't mean to suggest that Mr. Presthus puts method forward as a

substitute for intelligence, but that he seems totally unaware of the basic difference in kind that separates his ideas from those traditionally thought significant. For instance, he reminds his readers that Plato divided the citizens of his ideal republic into three groups in order to claim Plato's 'method' as precedent for his own tripartite division of modern organizational society into: 1) those who like it, 2) those who don't, and 3) those who cannot make up their minds. (He calls these three, typically, "upward mobiles," "indifferents," and "ambivalents.") You cannot, I think, quarrel with the accuracy of his division, whatever you may think of his terminology; but the price he has had to pay for it is excessive, and the invocation of Plato a tactical error of some magnitude.

Mr. Presthus' predicament is one which the typical academic social scientist must face, at least as the field is now constituted. The problem is that of setting up a methodology that does not demand—of one's self, one's colleagues, or one's students—either original insight or the ability to grasp the original insights of others. But, in fact, the ideas and attitudes that influence the course of history are not amenable to this pseudo-scientific nose-counting. To limit one's ideas so pushes one — as it does Mr. Presthus — toward dignification-by-jargonization, both of what used to be called "the obvious" and of "con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help us spread the good word



We must receive more letters from our readers than any other magazine ever published.

Or so it seems to us.

They cover just about every conceivable subject, too. But there is one constant theme: *"Why didn't I hear about* NATIONAL REVIEW *before?"*

If so very many people—and *new* friends at that—just can't wait to say how glad they are to have found NATIONAL REVIEW, there must be many thousands of other thoughtful Americans just waiting for an introduction, too.

Won't you give them one?

The best recommendation any magazine can have comes from its own readers. Which means that you can do us—and your friends—a really *big* favor by tearing out the card facing this page, and giving it to someone you think might enjoy NATIONAL REVIEW.

As you can see, we have designed a special new card for your convenience. *First* tear it along the perforation at the binding; *then,* just *fold* it in half, along the second perforation in the middle of the card itself, and—voila!—you have a neat little four-page NATIONAL REVIEW. Small enough to keep handy, in pocket or purse.

Colorful enough to be intriguing when you suddenly flash it. It even has its own little "pitch," so that just a *word* from you should do the trick.

And if you would like more of these little doodads, just ask us. They're perfect for meetings, offices, etc. We'll send as many as you want: just write P. J. Gorman, NATIONAL REVIEW. And thank you, *again.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clusions" that will be widely accepted as "valid" only because they are the clichés of current journalism. For example, Mr. Presthus has noticed that men will take less pleasant jobs to get more money or more leisure. He sees this as the "displacement of value from the intrinsic quality of work to its by-products," and he refers us, for proof of its existence, to an article entitled "The Unanticipated Consequences of Purposive Social Action," which will no doubt convince anyone who needs convincing.

The journalistic clichés, which give the book whatever liveliness it possesses, come from a variety of sources. We are treated not only to dramatic pronouncements on security regulations from the *New York Times,* a TV review by John Crosby, and a comment upon army structures by Norman Mailer's General Cummings, but also to a grab-bag of catch-phrases from men who have specialized with skill in popularization-by-slogan. "The status panic," "escape from freedom," "inner-directed," "the personality market," "countervailing power," and so on: Mr. Presthus collects them all. As a "scientist" he avoids bias where he is aware of it; and the fact that he leans so heavily upon men like C. Wright Mills for his slogans only means that the journalistic clichés of the moment are leftish rather than rightish. Mr. Presthus would, I believe, be equally content with either, provided it controlled the climate of opinion.

But whatever liveliness these slogans give the book—or the field—isn't worth looking for among such obfuscations as the following—the point of which, already stated and now to be explained, is that people imitate people:

> Rashevsky has explained the principle of imitation as follows: "Apparently the sight of another individual who exhibits R-1 (response) acts upon the first individual as an external stimulus S-1, which adds a *variable amount* E-1 (excitation) to the constant amount E-1 which is produced by inner psychological states and which determines the natural inner drive toward R-1. . . . it is [also] natural to assume that the sight of X individuals exhibiting R-1 will be X times as effective as the sight of one individual."

All of which, and I've given it all, is footnoted to a book entitled *Mathematical Thinking in the Social Sciences.*

Men and Letters

The Precision of T. S. Eliot

NOEL STOCK

THE TERM "Establishment," meaning originally the established Church in England, has now come to signify the men and women who are supposed to be the real rulers of that country. Among people who take an interest in these matters and for the most part draw their opinions from such journals as the *Observer, Manchester Guardian, New Statesman* and *New Left Review,* the word "Establishment" carries with it the idea of an entrenched minority of bigots; a steering group composed of upper class bankers and industrialists of "conservative" tendency, unregenerate and unprogressive churchmen, and illiberal men of learning; an élite which holds the real power in England long after it has ceased to represent—if it ever did—the best interests of the nation.

T. S. Eliot: *"Island of traditionalism in a sea of imprecisions."*

The truth is that the term, as used at present, is too crude and undefined to be of any practical assistance in a discussion of English society. But the thing worth noting is that in so far as England is ruled by, let us say, a complex of not altogether harmonious powers, the "Liberals" and "Liberal" organs are much closer to the center of this complex than are most of the "diehards" whom they label as the "Establishment." The recently retired Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, who occasionally drew attention to the unpalatable truth of Christianity, was regarded as one of the rocks of the "Establishment." And yet the fact is that most of his Christian statements went unheeded, and towards the end of his reign his opposition to some aspects of materialism (he said the fuss over moon rockets was materialist nonsense) brought him into conflict with a large section of the press. It was then clear that Dr. Fisher, far from being a power in the land, was a Christian interloper among pagans. The much publicized "rebels," on the other hand—young men like John Osborne and Christopher Logue, and old men like Bertrand Russell—are as much a part of the "Establishment" as those whom they attack. They would not get the regular publicity they do, if they were not.

One error resulting from these loose opinions about the nature of power in present-day England, is the idea now spread far and abroad that T. S. Eliot is a member of the "Establishment," who wields great power over English literature. Now while there is no doubt that Mr. Eliot is a respected figure, who has achieved eminence because of the care he has taken with his work and because of the honesty and justice of his opinions, the plain fact is that Eliot is without any real followers in English letters at the present day, and that his work is respected but undigested. He is an island of meaningful traditionalism in a sea of dehumanizing imprecisions.

The present age is the Age of History, whatever else it might be. Our self-consciousness extends beyond our present into the past, and no one has understood this better than Eliot. In his literary criticism and his writings on culture and religion he has always brought out the importance of this sense of historical perspective, which is one of the distinctive features of our age. It is not that people in the past have never had a desire to make sense out of history—Virgil had it, as did some of the Jews—but that our age in its better moments, and because of its self-consciousness, has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been able to see the need for separating the idea of historical perspective from immediate self-interest. I do not mean that our age has always made this separation, but that it has recognized the need for it. It does not make us superior to the past, for superiority hardly comes into it, but it does make us different.

Many people have found Eliot's prose dull and tedious, who want their mental fare in black and white: on this side the black, on that the white, with no idle pedantry in between. But it is his refusal to take the easy way out which gives to his work its consistency. I do not refer to consistency of argument, but to a pervading determination to do justice to the problem under examination. We find it in his lines on form in poetry, published in 1920:

> To create a form is not merely to invent a shape, a rhyme or rhythm. It is also the realization of the whole appropriate content of this rhyme or rhythm. The sonnet of Shakespeare is not merely such and such a pattern, but a precise way of thinking and feeling.

and in the 1944 essay on Dr. Johnson:

> To be original within definite limits of propriety may require greater talent and labour, than when every man may write as he pleases, and when the first thing expected of him is to be different. To be obliged to work upon the finer shades . . .

Always the same careful dissociations and suggestions, and underneath or alongside these, a mind firmly refusing to falsify historical perspective for the sake of a clever turn of phrase or a clear-cut category. When discussing society, he does not think in terms of politics—that is not his job—but in terms of culture as a whole, and he is against all forms of opportunism. In his *Idea of a Christian Society* (1939), he points out that it is only by a discipline, greater than society has yet seen fit to impose upon itself, that material knowledge and power is gained without loss of spiritual knowledge and power.

ELIOT'S CONTRIBUTION then, in his prose, is something *more* than brilliance of intellect: it is intellect based upon the Christian idea of justice, and upon humility, for the two go together. The problem facing us is complex, he tells us, and there is no short cut. Beware, he said in 1932, of tardy rear-guard action which attempts to arrest the progress of "Liberalism" just before the end of its march: "an action, besides, which is being fought by troops which are already half liberalized themselves." One of the main things he shows us is the richness and the complexity of that which too many of us are inclined to parcel up conveniently as "Western Civilization," without having any very clear idea of what we really mean. Culture, as he explained in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1948), "can never be wholly conscious—there is always more to it than we are conscious of; and it cannot be planned because it is also the unconscious background of all our planning."

But the most important thing he

Random Notes

• MOVIES: *Cleopatra,* announced as finished for some months now, was all ready to go when someone noticed that it needed some more bow-twanging and shield-hacking. Off to Morocco! All this cost two million dollars, bringing the total price of production up to thirty-five million. June is now the première date. . . . Meanwhile, La Taylor and Mr. Burton will have completed an old-fashioned normal picture, Terence Rattigan's *The V.I.P.'s,* in England. . . . Stanley Kramer's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World,* polyasterous and no doubt silly, has begun its ballyhoo with chaos of its own making, the wrath of the Roman police (for sticking promotion posters on thousands of cars), and a riot among its extras (six wounded by guards' bullets).

• OVERHEARD: The Attorney General to the Vice President, after the two hours and forty-one minutes American Pageant of the Arts, an acoustical disaster: "I only came because I heard you were going to sing. Maybe you did."

Variety, ending a sardonic review of the current *Eros*: "Sex makes strange bedfellows, as someone must have said."

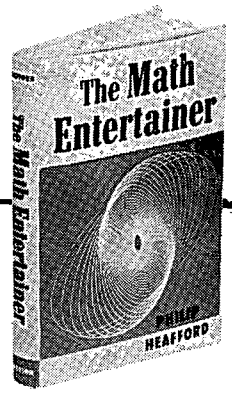
• PRIZES: The 1962 Lamont Poetry Prize goes to Edward Field for his book of poems, *Stand Up, Friend, With Me,* to be published by Grove in May of 1963. The prize insures that a thousand copies of a newly discovered young poet's work be distributed to the Academy of American Poets.

The Bollingen Prize for the best poetic translations into English ($2,500) has gone jointly to Richmond Lattimore, of Bryn Mawr College, for his *Frogs* of Aristophanes (University of Michigan Press) and to Robert Lowell for his book of translations, *Imitations* (Farrar, Straus).

• NEW FRONTIER: Now in its fourth printing three months after publication in Germany, William Schlamm's *Die Jungen Herren der Alten Erde: von Neuen Stil der Macht* is a political critique of the young men now coming into power—the Kennedy generation. Its central theme is the death and betrayal of tradition in Western culture. An American edition is being considered.

• BOOKS: A third novel of John Updike will be published in February by Knopf, *The Centaur.* The setting is again Pennsylvania, and the principal characters are a small-town science teacher and his son. . . . January will see J. D. Salinger's *other* two *New Yorker* long stories in book form, *Raise High the Roofbeams, Carpenters* (Little, Brown, $4). . . . Alfred Knopf has commissioned Carl Bode of the University of Maryland to write a biography of H. L. Mencken. Prof. Bode wrote the *Encyclopedia Britannica* article on Mencken, and will have the assistance of August, H. L.'s brother. . . . One of the sharpest of students of lexicography in the country, James Sledd, has collaborated with William R. Ebbitt to construct a casebook on Webster's Third International and its reviewers, *Dictionaries and That Dictionary* (Scott, Foresman, $2.75).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR MATH BUFFS—

THE MATH ENTERTAINER is the title of a brand new treasure trove of mathematical teasers, ticklers, traps and twisters, gems, jests and gyrations—by the hundred!—to beguile, bemuse and bewilder (perchance — whisper it softly! — to instruct).

Includes: math history, symbols, circles, triangles, measures, monies, series, permutations, abbreviations, roots and powers, math instruments, ratios, arrangements, fractions, shapes, "limerick" problems, true-and-false, identifications, logarithms, associations, statistics, arches, codes, problems and puzzles, etc., etc. Some of the posers will seem easy, others hard, some will amuse, others exasperate — but none are dull.

Answers and complete explanations are given for all problems. Illustrated.

ORDER NOW!

THE MATH ENTERTAINER
by Philip Heafford

$2.95 Postfree • 10-Day Money Back Guarantee
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 592-M
251 West 19th Street, New York 11.

Don't miss the plane!

. . . or your boat. Don't arrive to find your favorite hotel *full*. Travel the *easy, modern* way — have everything waiting for you — let Margaret Cone make all your reservations now. Whether you are on business or vacation, you should enjoy yourself. And you *will* if you contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

FREE—to you, your school, library or study group . . .

a sample copy of the current BOOKMAILER NEWS containing details of Bookmailer's $350.00 Policy Decision Contest.

write: THE BOOKMAILER Inc.,
232 East 35th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

has to tell us, perhaps, is about the indivisibility of Western civilization. The parts need the whole and each other, and the whole needs the parts. As he said in his broadcasts to Germany in 1946, no one language in Europe would have achieved what it has if the same art had not been cultivated in neighboring countries and in different languages. Whenever a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Goethe is born, the whole future of *European* poetry is altered.

> The Western world has its unity in this heritage, in Christianity and in the ancient civilizations of Greece, Rome and Israel, from which, owing to two thousand years of Christianity, we trace our descent. . . . What matters is that we should recognise our relationship and mutual dependence upon each other. What matters is our inability, without each other, to produce those excellent works which mark a superior civilization.

T. S. Eliot is not a member of the English "Establishment"; he is not anybody's or any group's pet poet to be utilized in the latest power-struggle: he is an individual who has tried to pay the debt of the individual to civilization (and all that that implies), without sacrificing either his essential individuality or the just claims of civilization.

Theater

. . . As Kansas in Autumn

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

TAKE YOUR mother, your sister, your young nephews and nieces, your maiden aunt to *Mr. President* and they'll have a marvelous time. But *Achtung!* take not, at risk of social ostracism, that Bryn Mawr sophomore (Soc. major) or the know-it-all young account executive at BBD&O, because the new Irving Berlin show is "out" with the "in" set. (On and off Broadway at the moment, Bertolt Brecht, Brendan Behan, Edward Albee are "in," Irving Berlin, Lerner & Loewe and Mary Martin are "out." Mary Martin's been "out" for years but neither she nor her audiences are "in" enough to know it and they continue to enjoy each other in happy unawareness of their outness.)

Used to be that all Irving Berlin had to do was sit himself down on a piano stool to come up with a ringer. But that was in the simpler and saner age when poor-boy-falls-in-love-with-rich-girl and all but loses her because of the difference in their "stations in life" was an accepted dramatic situation. Today, a dramatist is nowhere unless his hero has committed incest with his sister, who has been advised to yield to him by her analyst, who is himself fighting his way out of an aggravated Oedipal complex because his mother was in reality a drug-ridden Lesbian: a drama which reaches its suitably pseudo-psychological climax when the hero commits suicide having just discovered that he was adopted.

The truth is that Broadway has passed Irving Berlin by. Sometime in the last dozen years—the years between his bang-up and boisterously successful *Call Me Madam* and today's *Mr. President*—the temper has changed and Irving Berlin hasn't. And he compounds the incompatibility by wrapping up his poor boy-rich girl situation in The Grand Old Flag. "Patriotism," says President Stephen Decatur Henderson (Robert Ryan), "has gone out of fashion," and, so it seems, has Irving Berlin.

What *Mr. President* is all about is the Ordinary Middle-Class American Family: father (strong, kind, a little simple—and normal), mother (sprightly, attractive, smarter than her husband and progeny—also normal), son (a good boy but slightly out of hand on the question of belly dancers—only too normal) and daughter (still young enough to be swept off her feet by a Handsome Harry foreign type—horrifyingly normal). Father happens to be President when the show opens, but he and his wife, played by the enchanting Nanette Fabray, really yearn for the simple life (the opening song: *Take me back to the waltz/ Then the tempo was slow/ In the long, long ago*). They dream of *Our Hideaway, far from all the fuss that bothers.* The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young Secret Service agent (poor boy), who has fallen in love with the President's daughter, describes himself as *Meat and potatoes, fried eggs and ham/ That's the kind of guy I am.* The girl he has adored since she was *Pigtails and freckles/ Braces on your teeth* is finally wooed (but only after her father has left the White House and is just Joe Citizen again) to the tune of: *Empty pockets, but a heart full of love for you/ Please say that you'll get by with/ Just a guy with empty pockets.*

In a word, wholesome; if you want, corny.

THAT Irving Berlin has written the score was enough for audiences to plunk down over $2.5 million in advance sales, despite a saturation barrage of disparaging comments by the assembled dramatic critics of Boston, Washington, New York and the magazine world. The crowds were not to be denied the new Berlin musical, but many of the spectators will go home disappointed, because this is not *premier cru* Berlin. And this would seem largely the fault of Lindsay and Crouse who wrote the book and lyrics. The Berlin tunes are—most of them—melodious and toe-tapping; audiences hum them as they leave the theater. "In Our Hideaway" and "Empty pockets but a heart full of love," are good, sentimental ballads. "The Secret Service Makes Me Nervous," mournfully put across by Anita Gillette (the President's daughter) is a show-stopper and has, incidentally, about the best of a set of not very distinguished lyrics. (*The secret service makes me nervous/ They're always spying, no denying/ They're always peeping, gumshoe creeping, private eyeing./ When I'm beginning to give ining, like a maiden aunt,/ The secret service makes me nervous, and I can't.*)

But the story itself is dull. Pleasant, placid and dull, and most of the lyrics are tired, as if the authors had run out of energy someplace down the line. As rhymes, "arrive" and "alive," "loud" and "proud," "tea" and "me," "pie" and "I" are not as bad as "moon," "June" and "spoon," but not much better.

What provides the spark which holds the show together is Nanette Fabray. She's got it. With her "First Lady of the Land," a lament about the life a First Lady is led, she captures the audience and it stands by her through lots of thicks and a couple of thins. Miss Fabray is a pleasure to watch, a pleasure to listen to, a good-looking clown who would be re-elected to high office by anyone who has watched her belt out "They Loved Me," a comic account of her whirlwind international goodwill tour: *They always have a banquet the day I arrive/ In Borneo they made me eat an octopus alive/ Because they* (gulp) *love me.*

In sum: *Mr. President* is poor-to-fair Lindsay and Crouse, fair-to-good Irving Berlin, glamorous-to-gorgeous Nanette Fabray.

Movies

Journey Without Compass

JUDITH COXE

"THE THINGS life has done to us we cannot excuse or explain." This rationalization uttered by Mary Tyrone is the *leitmotif* of *Long Day's Journey into Night*, a faithful cinematic adaptation of the Eugene O'Neill play. Although the four Tyrones occupy most of 171 minutes trying to excuse and explain the things they have done to each other, their joint effort to transfer the blame for their misery to "life" serves only to intensify their problems of guilt.

O'Neill telescopes the Tyrones' strife-ridden family life (a case history of his own family) into the conventional dramatic unity of a single day. Under the influence of morphine or whiskey, the Tyrones dissect the past, accuse, confess, and excuse. The waning of the day symbolizes the vanishing family hope of happiness, and the night that falls on the Tyrones will not be dispelled by a rising sun.

Confession is good for the soul; why then does it not relieve the misery of the Tyrones? The father's avarice, the mother's retreat from reality, Jamie's dissoluteness and envy, Edmund's self-pity and lack of understanding—these are the Tyrones' individual sins. More important is the sin they share—their refusal to admit their guilt for the past. They writhe before the fact which must rationally follow the acceptance of free will—a terrible individual responsibility for their own actions. They suffer volubly; they plead extenuating circumstances; they make allowances for each other but are unable to forgive themselves. Confession is not enough: they deny themselves the second condition of Grace—the faith in God's power to absolve. Having lost their faith, they have lost their way in their own labyrinth, and, as with Sartre, their Hell is to be tortured by each other.

The real torment suffered by the Tyrones is the burden of a freedom of action without the sense of direction to make that freedom meaningful. It is this characteristic that stamps them as peculiarly twentieth-century dramatic figures. Living unhappily with the fruits of past action, the Tyrones react with inaction. In contrast, the classic "inaction" of Hamlet was the consequence of his analytic mind, which prevented him from making a necessary choice of positive acts. He understood this weakness, struggled with it, and failed—tragically. The male Tyrones see themselves most clearly through an alcoholic fuzz. They avoid any realistic confrontation with themselves. Jamie says, "I have been to Confession; I didn't mean to go that far back." Had the Tyrones realized that they suffered because of their lost moral and religious rudders, and then grappled with their problem, they might not have had to join the Willy Lomans and all the other twentieth-century anti-heroes who merely suffer and do not understand.

Sidney Lumet has wisely chosen to present *Long Day's Journey* as a filmed play. With the exception of two short opening scenes on the grounds, the action is limited to small, high rooms of a summer house in New London, Connecticut. The camera roves over a theatrical wig on a stand, beaded curtains, a cage-like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

staircase to an upper storey we are never permitted to see and a whiskey bottle to comment on the self-deception of the Tyrones. The very monotony of the setting intensifies the relentless repetition of futile accusations and confessions.

Sir Ralph Richardson gives James Tyrone Sr. a voice and manner of creamy richness slightly soured. Tears spring so easily to his eyes that he seems to be merely a sentimental egoist who reserves his best emotive talents for the defense of his own failures. Only the tender Irish lilt in his well-trained voice as he says, "Mary," reveals his deeper feelings. This is a memorable characterization by a superb actor.

It is a weakness of the film, as of the play, that we get too much of a good thing in O'Neill's portrait of his mother. Dope addiction no longer has the power to shock. As an exposé *Long Day's Journey* seems as dated as *Ghosts*. Katharine Hepburn gives Mary Tyrone a slender, caved-in body, supporting an overblown mass of rebellious hair. She plays the part on a single note of high-keyed desperation. Her mannerisms—the twisting grimace of the mouth, the welling of tears to the eyes, the fluttering gesture of hand to hair—all these are too familiar by intermission. However, in the final scene, when all stridency has subsided, she shows us Mary Tyrone as the girl she was, and it is a moving experience.

Dean Stockwell as Edmund is less a thinking than a blinking actor. He responds with a twitch of his upper face to almost all stimuli. His portrayal suggests not the future playwright's abrasive vitality, but a typical adolescent's morbid self-absorption. Jason Robards Jr., the only member of the Broadway cast to repeat his performance, is magnificent. His portrayal of Jamie, the poisoned wastrel, is unforgettable.

With very little that can be called plot to hold its audience for nearly three hours, *Long Day's Journey into Night* nevertheless transfixes with a piercing intellectual impact. As a play, or as a film, it is rather like its characters—flawed, but fascinating.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Program for Conservatives, by Senator John G. Tower (MacFadden Paperback, 50¢). At any given moment in a dispute with a conservative, the thing a Liberal is most likely to say is: "But what are you *for*?" The proper answer to this rhetorical taunt is that conservatives are "for" human freedom, limited government and national sovereignty, and therefore "against" Liberal programs of coercion, unlimited government, and appeasement of Communism. Senator Tower not only makes the appropriate rejoinder, but spells it out with specific proposals. His program was first presented on March 1 of this year, as an eight-point schedule of laws and congressional resolutions. This book is an expansion of that proposal—setting forward the conservative position on foreign policy, international trade, economic freedom, taxes and fiscal policy, the farm debacle, and states' rights. M. S. EVANS

More Lives Than One: *An Autobiography*, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane, $5). Joseph Krutch, former *Nation* drama critic, English professor, and author of charming nature books, remarks, "I probably know more about plants than any other drama critic and more about theater than any botanist." And because he also knows more about Thoreau than any other biographer of Samuel Johnson, more about the Golden Mean than this generation, and more amusing anecdotes about literary greats than most writers, his autobiography is a joy. Krutch, raised in Tennessee and long-time New Yorker, now lives in Tucson, although it's growing too fast to suit him. Criticized by Mencken for failure "to come all the way from Tennessee to civilization in one generation," he has come all the way from the atheistic pessimism of his youth to a pantheistic belief that our society isn't hopeless, provided the psychologists, sociologists and economists leave men alone. He is diffident of Liberal schemes like sharing the wealth and integration, because they are based on dogmatic assumptions about people's reactions and needs. Since Newton's hypothesis that all atoms

Dwight D. Murphey's

EMERGENT MAN

▣ States a comprehensive philosophy of liberty assimilating many of the ideas of Ayn Rand, Alexis de Tocqueville, Ludwig von Mises, D. H. Lawrence, William James, Tolstoy, the Existentialists and others.

▣ Fitting no present orthodoxy, **Emergent Man** traces the spiritual, intellectual, economic, political and sexual facets of a philosophy which seeks the fullest exaltation of life. A modern statement of historic liberalism, it urges the term "vitalist" for the broadly humanistic philosophy of liberty and the term "coercivist" for present-day "liberalism."

387 pages $2.45

Order from:

D. D. Murphey
222 Equitable Bldg.
Denver 2, Colo.

Any Book Located

BOOK HUNTING?

No matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient). Thousands of books on hand—others obtainable upon request. Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. NAT
Union City, New Jersey

Change of Address

Please give at least three weeks' notice. Include both old and new addresses, with zone numbers. Notify: Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

No one can read Frank S. Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo* without feeling that the conservative cause today is the cause of human excellence.
—Richard M. Weaver

REGNERY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were alike and therefore predictable has been disproved by modern physics, Krutch asks that men be accorded the same benefit of doubt that atoms are. D.G.M. COXE

THE STRANGLED CRY, by John Strachey (Sloane, $4.50). This miscellaneous collection of occasional writings would hardly be of interest were it not for the reputation and political position of the author. The "strangled cry" of the title essay is what the author describes as the despairing, anti-political, anti-rationalism of Koestler, Chambers, Pasternak. Strachey is unable to comprehend that these writers have, in their imperishable indictment, gone past the economic fallacies of Communism, not to reject political reason, but to anatomize the radical act of Utopian insanity: the *divinization* of reason, and its incarnation in totalitarian politics. In the other essay of serious political purpose, the author uses a discussion of Rathenau, Schacht, and the economics of Germany in the twenties and thirties to smear capitalism with this tortuous tautology: "Such is the end towards which latter-day capitalism, in a dictatorial environment and bereft of all democratic countervailing forces, inevitably drives." (As if a capitalist, or any other, economy could be otherwise in such an admittedly un-inevitable 'environment.') The reader who does not share the author's socialist pan-economics, who does not accept as essential the dangerous distinction between "Stalinism" and Soviet Communism, and who looks with shocked amusement at the hysterical judgment that American Liberalism was really "ejected from office and power" (by Chambers, McCarthy, or anyone), will have a difficult time listening to this voice of the non-Communist Left.

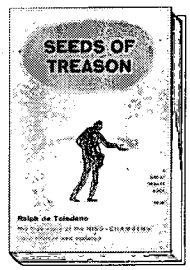
W. J. FITZPATRICK

FUNDAMENTALS OF VOLUNTARY HEALTH CARE, edited by George B. de Huszar (Caxton, $6). Let us suppose there roars around us a dispute concerning medical care; let us suppose the questions raised are beyond our ken; that the chief arguers wrangle over they know not what, out of an ignorance they disdain to plumb, before a populace they hope to gull, towards an end they do not see. Things being so, he who truly seeks for answers may at the worst condemn himself to a year's ransack of the public libraries or at the best fortify himself with an evening spent imbibing the distillation of man's knowledge on the topic. For once (ever so seldom) the better course lies open: anyone who seriously concerns himself with public health or with the Administration's cynical attempts to socialize the medical practice of this nation must have and study the volume George de Huszar has edited—a volume of studies, essays, and speeches by some two dozen physicians, professors, authors, and other expert witnesses. Beautifully organized, serious, fascinating, scholarly, documented prodigally, this work quiets the dispute and answers our questions, illuminating the ultimates implicit in the talk about socialized medicine. If the Congress ever passes into law even the veriest fragment of the Administration's demagogy-through-health plan you can be sure of one thing: the Congress failed to read this book.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

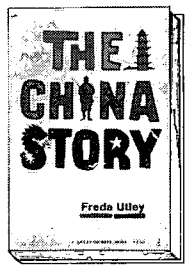
DEATH IN THE FOREST, by J. K. Zawodny (Notre Dame, $6.50). Stunted spruces in Katyn Forest conceal the graves of thousands of Poland's sons. These trees were transplanted there by Soviet Communists in an attempt to conceal one in an unending series of Kremlin crimes. The crime of Katyn, however, could not be concealed and it can not be forgotten. Zawodny marshals all available evidence to demonstrate that guilt for the Katyn massacre lies, from beginning to end, in Moscow. That much is incontestable—but it merits retelling. It needs retelling, first, to honor the memory of those who died there and, second, to remind the living of the message of Katyn. That message has been repeated frequently since then—in Berlin in 1953, in Hungary in 1956 and in Cuba in 1962. Any means, specifically including murder and deceit, are to be used against the foes of the "vanguard of the proletariat." Khrushchev was not out of tune with the Stalinist spirit of Katyn when he said, on April 14, 1962, that "those who would rather be dead than Red may be accommodated." W. D. JACOBS.

READ GREAT DEBATE BOOKS TO KEEP WELL INFORMED ON POLITICS AND WORLD AFFAIRS



SEEDS OF TREASON
by Ralph De Toledano
Revised and up-dated
314 pages Index 21409
$2.00

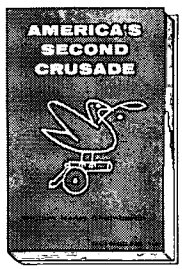
The True Story of the Hiss-Chambers Case. "The first complete account of the greatest trial of our time, one which has confused and divided Americans as the Dreyfus case split another generation in France." — WILLIAM L. WHITE, *editor*, Emporia Gazette



THE CHINA STORY
by Freda Utley
294 pages Index 21407
$2.00

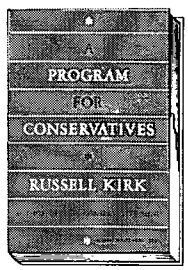
...tellingly documented account of the errors and confusion which lost the United States its last chance to save Free China." —Time

"It is our *best book* on the Chinese-Korean situation." —Los Angeles Times



AMERICA'S SECOND CRUSADE
by William Henry Chamberlin
372 pages Index 21406
$2.00

A diplomatic history of World War II. From America's unnatural alliance with Russia to the "World's worst peace," Chamberlin analyzes the blunders and betrayals that have led us into the present world crisis.



A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES
by Russell Kirk
Bibliography & Index
325 pages 21408
$2.00

"To understand the importance of the real conservative in society, one should by all means read A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES. It is a brilliant, witty, quietly humorous and very stimulating book." —Los Angeles Times

Other important Great Debate titles available:

GOD AND MAN AT YALE by William F. Buckley, Jr.	21402	$2.00
McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES by William F. Buckley, Jr. and Brent L. Bozell	11401	$2.00
TECHNIQUES OF COMMUNISM by Louis F. Budenz	21404	$2.00
AMERICAN MIGHT AND SOVIET MYTH by James G. Campaigne	21405	$2.00
ROOSEVELT'S ROAD TO RUSSIA by George N. Crocker	21403	$2.00

Available at all book stores,

Henry REGNERY Company
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

LITERARY

COMPLIMENTARY COPY OF ANALYSIS magazine. College Conservative Journal; Box 7841, Philadelphia 1, Pa.

THE BOOKLOVER'S ANSWER, the bi-monthly for book collectors, features old books, rare books, private presses, little magazines, authors, etc. Introductory one year subscription $2.00. Sample copy 40¢. The Booklover's Answer, Woodstock 19, New York.

COMMUNISM—UNIQUE LIBRARY: House/Senate Hearings 1950-58, extensively indexed. Write Box 319, NR.

HIGHLY INFORMATIVE NEWSLETTER FREE. Published and edited by New York college political science students. Send stamped self-addressed envelope: Newsletter, 637 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

MANUSCRIPTS INVITED on Labor issues of current interest. Labor Policy Association, Inc., Federal Bar Building, 1815 H Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

REAL ESTATE

UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE VACATION OR ALL YEAR HOUSE in New Preston, Conn. 13 acres of interesting land on country road, but easily accessible to highway. Living room with fp, dining room, large bedroom, bath, kitchen and screened porch. Guest house, garage. Fine heating and plumbing. Nice trees and pleasant patio. For sale at $18,500 charmingly furnished. Please call or write for appointment. MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203 WA 7-3117

PERFECT FOR A COUPLE. 1-bedroom house, Florida-type, complete with every luxury feature. Bergen County, N.J. Large lot view of lake. Asking $22,000. Evenings, weekends telephone 391-7480.

JOBS AND JOB HUNTERS

HOW GOOD IS YOUR RÉSUMÉ? New, unique consulting service assures you a better résumé at minimum cost. Complete information without obligation. Manford F. Ettinger, Consultant to Management, Box 495-N, Springfield, Mo.

AMERICAN CONSULTANT, with excellent European Management and Industrial Labor Relations experience, seeks challenging executive position in USA or Europe with American firm, active in International Business. Presently in Italy. Languages: English, French, Italian. Married. Resume upon request. Write Box 310, NR.

YOUNG MAN (27) seeks new adventures in conservatism. Solid experience as editorial writer for metropolitan daily, and as managing editor of largest conservative Washington newsletter. Write Box 177, National Review.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVE, 29, Diversified experience. Can assume responsibility, seeks opportunity with like minded organization. Investigation, accounting, legal, government background. 1962 candidate for office. Salary $7500. Write Box 350, National Review.

COLLEGE GRADUATE with 5 years experience in sales promotion, marketing & research desires position with regional or national concern. Flexible and will fit into any challenging position. Will relocate. Write for résumé. Box 316 NR.

TIME ON MY HANDS (between diaper changes)—former secretary turned housewife, is available FOR TYPING only, especially manuscripts. Reasonable rates. Call HO 4-8161 (Queens).

INVESTMENTS

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

DOCTOR, ARE YOU INVESTING IN A NEW CLINIC? We have a complete service to offer or will work with your attorney and architect. Extremely competitive mortgage rates available. Clinic Consultants Company, Suite 920, 175 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL ATTENTION to your investments from Frank Caponegro, HA 2-3600. Associated with J. R. Williston & Beane, 2 Broadway, N.Y.C. Members New York Stock Exchange.

SPEAKERS

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL! Conservative Citizens Committee presents Lt. Col. William E. Mayer, M.D.—Thursday, January 31, 1963 at 8:00 PM preceded by 6:30 dinner, Radisson Hotel. For tickets write or call Mrs. M. J. Pritchard, P.O. Box 6152—Minneapolis 24, Minn. WA 2-1285.

YACHTS

U.S. FINN monotype. One man Olympic boat. Wood. Faire-marine. Experts only. $750. Box 300, National Review.

GIFTS

EVERLASTING DESK NAME PLATE. Expertly handmade. Will not deteriorate. White on black. Plexiglass. 1½" x 10". Any name. Please print. $3.88 each; three or more $2.91 each. Box 1860, NR.

TRAVEL

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful Alabama Hotel in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park making out-of-doors living a delight. 1,500 feet private frontage on Lake Maitland. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $13 to $18. Inquire about special rates for year-round occupancy. Write Box AL, NR.

STUDENT TRAVEL STUDENTS CAN AFFORD. 35 exciting itineraries, 35-60 Land days, from $660 (including transportation). U.S. National Students Association, Dept. RV, 20 West 38th Street, New York 18.

ANTIQUES

"7th ANTIQUES AND THEIR CURRENT PRICES," an up-to-date illustrated price guide covering thousands of antiques. Being published mid-December. $6.00 postpaid. Antiques Publications. Box 85NR, Ladiesburg, Maryland.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

CREATIVE MINDS AVAILABLE. For art work, ad campaigns, direct mail, copy and production: Contact ULTRA ARTS, INC., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y. (ORegon 9-7493).

GOLDWATER AND TOWER ON RECORD—a 12" long-playing album recorded on-the-spot at the giant Madison Square Garden Rally held by YAF last March 7. Featuring major addresses by: Senators Barry Goldwater and John Tower and NR editor L. Brent Bozell. A permanent record of an unforgettable evening. Supply limited—so order your copies now! ONLY $3.50 each; bulk prices on request. Write to Box UA, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, New York.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds or subscriptions. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. National Review's Classified space is limited to one page. Since the page is filled, the Classified Department will in general assign priorities to advertisers in order of their acceptance, while at the same time striving to give our readers a reasonably balanced page of available products and services. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: *Classified* Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor

Buckley on Apartheid

Congratulations to Mr. William Buckley for the finest analysis of apartheid to appear in the American press [Jan. 15]. His coolly reasoned survey will be unacceptable to those who think in emotional ideological abstractions, but should commend itself to every serious student of African affairs.

Cleveland, Ohio C. S. BARTON

The collective wisdom of the United Nations proves that Mr. Buckley's article is trash.

New York, N. Y. ARTHUR GREEN

I had my word-book open
And what did I espy?
An eudaemonic Bantu
Go bubble-dancing by.

"Bantu," I cried in Xosa,
(I learnt it as a boy)
"Are you pursuing happiness
Or just eutectic ploy?"

"Bwah," quoth he, "Uhuru
Has left no social schism:
You've got to take me out to lunch—
That's latitudinarianism!"

New York, N. Y. D. MEISTERSINGER

Liberty for All Unless UN Says No

Considering the fact that pro-Western Katanga was seized because it desires to be free and independent of a pro-Communist, strife-torn Congo, we should appreciate the Sunday, December 30, 1962, news releases as being a classic example of the muddled thinking of our time.

Two headlines appeared on the front page of today's newspapers. One, in regard to a story about United Nations troops—which owe their existence to U. S. financial and moral support—seizing the Katanga capital. At the same time, the other headline, unashamedly, announced that the President of the U. S. has pledged a FREE Cuba.

Los Angeles, Calif. GRANT W. KUHNS

U Thant, Lover of Children

Deepest sympathies to the trick-or-treating adolescent who relates [Dec. 18] her frustration by those internationalist dupes of the UNICEF ethos. What a blow to the budding entrepreneurial consciousness to discover that Americans are so insensitive to the socio-politico-economic nuances of helping needy children. What can one say about the anachronistic naivete of such youngsters and oldsters, except—God bless them!

New York, N. Y. DAVID HIMMELSTEIN

Convention Prayers

I believe you are incorrect in stating [Dec. 31] that at every session of the Constitutional Convention, members "bowed their heads in prayer seeking Divine Guidance. . . ." Benjamin Franklin attempted to have delegates pray before every session. This motion was made after the convention had been in session over a month. Franklin's motion was seconded by Roger Sherman, but it was never put to a vote. The delegates were fearful that such a move would suggest to the public that the convention was in trouble.

South Bend, Ind. JAMES J. CIERZNIAK

Better Dead Than Gynophilic

You have a viperess on your staff: name of Heath. Registered gynophiles will protest her reckless and contemptuous exposure [Dec. 31] of what every woman knows, every woman denies, every man suspects and no man can bear to think. She skirts history, unconcerned that she endangers Western civilization, already a mite shaky. When male action is softened by female thinking, and achievement by feminist logic is hemmed in by subtlety and muscle relegated to tent shows run by suffragettes, communication mildews while differences, self-conscious and calculating, make reason to tremble by submission to interminable extension of rootless arguments. Virility is subverted by dainty manners and instinct is flawed by happy garrulity. Meanwhile, pensive and impecunious barbarians prepare for action: male action, that is.

That decent drapery behind which men have been content to hide has been rudely torn aside. Truth stands naked, and somewhat embarrassed, too. We have known, since when time etc. etc. to the contrary runneth not, that though they could not whip us they regularly outsmarted us. We admired this elevated quality even as we ran over the thing again, bewildered at losing but lost just the same. Their skill in flanking movements and intuition grown into a third ear were sufficient to handle their dumb and brutish masters (nominal masters).

The unbought grace of life and cheap defense of logic is gone: all gone. Women now run men down, although their present elevated position was gained by buttering them up. May I suggest that the editor is in trouble?

St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES

Council Counsel (cont.)

Evelyn Waugh has written an article [Dec. 4] that should be placed in the hands of every American bishop; it is a classic statement of the frustra-

READER'S SERVICE

Please include your *National Review* wrapper address to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

ATTACH WRAPPER ADDRESS HERE

MAIL TO:
National Review
Reader's Service
150 East 35th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

NAME (please print)

NEW ADDRESS

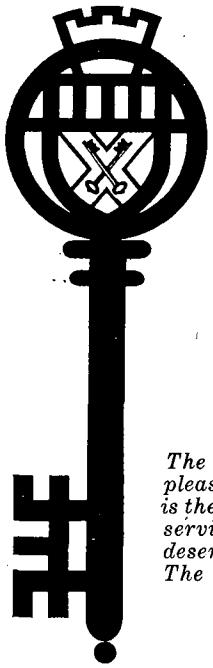
CITY ZONE STATE

Change of Address

If you are moving, please let us know five weeks in advance. Place your *Magazine* wrapper address here, and print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your *Magazine* wrapper address here, and enclose this form with your letter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOTEL OF ELEGANCE AND DISTINCTION



The key to a pleasant stay is the luxurious service you deserve: at The Volney.

THE VOLNEY

23 EAST 74th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

BUTTERFIELD 8-7500

FRANK C. BROMBER, *Vice President, Executive Director*

Do you want creativity in design, art and production — at conservative prices? You will find it at

ultra arts INC.

the complete art and production studio

We want the opportunity to solve your problems for you. Why not find out if we can improve your product, sales, or advertising image? For full information, contact:

ULTRA ARTS, INC.

150 East 35 Street
New York 16, N.Y.
In New York area,
call ORegon 9-7493

tion felt by the average layman as he sincerely struggles to maintain a devout and prayerful attitude while kneeling in a modern church. The progressive liturgists have succeeded in taking the "Holy" out of Holy Week, and unless the conservative members of the hierarchy can get together and stop them, they will succeed in draining our public acts of worship of all their deeper significance until they come to resemble the social group activity of a revivalist meeting.

Monmouth, Ill. ELMER F. BOUR

I was much surprised to read in so careful and discriminating a periodical as NATIONAL REVIEW such an ill-considered article as that of Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Waugh's remarks, on the whole, seem emotional and sentimental, tinged with a strong element of anti-intellectualism lurking behind the arras (witness his sweeping denigration of lay theologians). Mr. Waugh, it seems to me, has been blessed with special gifts of sensitivity, insight and persuasiveness. Why hasn't he used these powers in the difficult task of eradicating the ignorance and destroying the apathy of his fellow "second-rate" Catholics?

New York, N. Y. THOMAS MALONEY

Joe Louis on Appeasement

The automatic reflex action of the "striped pants shock troops" in our State Department, which causes them to go into a tizzy of appeasement, accommodation and painfully exaggerated politeness whenever Chairman Khrushchev "tells the world" what he is going to do to Uncle Sam, brings to mind an incident which occurred some twenty years ago here in Washington and from which we may draw some comfort.

If memory serves me correctly, a boxing contest was scheduled between Joe Louis, then heavyweight champion of the world, and Lou Nova, promising young challenger whose press agent had gotten considerable mileage from Nova's alleged devotion to the esoteric art of yoga. It was claimed that yoga would enable Nova to demonstrate with utmost finality the triumph of mind over matter; that what was left of Joe Louis after Nova and yoga finished with him would not be worth carting out of the ball park.

The sports writers, in their zeal to generate a "grudge fight" with its ensuing mayhem, interviewed the Champ and proceeded to tell him, in all of its gory detail, the fight plan which Nova (and his press agent) had set forth to them.

In the first round, Nova would soften Joe up with a series of swift and bewildering attacks. The second round would see Louis hit the deck three times. And so on until, in the middle of the fourth round, yoga would take over and the Champ would be flattened.

Louis listened patiently to the account of his impending obliteration. Then, when the scribes had run out of gas, he looked up and, with his customary dead pan expression, said, "Could be. But while Mr. Nova is doing all them things to me, I ain't gonna be reading no book."

I believe the records will show that before the audience had gotten comfortably settled in their high-priced seats for the first round, the clean-up crew was carrying Nova (and his yoga) out of the ring on a stretcher. Joe was serious when he said he would not be reading a book.

Would it not be an act of Christian charity to inform Mr. K. (and the boys in the State Department) that we have no intention of reading a book while he is busy with all those things he is forever promising to do to us? I am sure our intellectual development would not suffer irreparable damage if we postponed our book-reading until we had cleaned up the mess in Cuba.

Washington, D. C. ADM. BEN MOREELL

Phaedra Phacetiousness

I find your comments on *Phaedra* [Nov. 20] too, too cute. There's humor in the banning of Plato's *Symposium*. But to equate Dassin's *Phaedra* with that of Seneca or Racine, or with Euripides' *Hippolytus*, is surely straining for humor. Or something.

Just so you will know where I stand—I regularly publicize my devotion to *NR* by calling it my bible when I take it off the magazine rack in our common room.

New York, N. Y. STEPHEN DUFFY, S. J.

A Bas de Gaulle

Upon my return from Cuba, I was astounded to read in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 18, 1962] the article by his Royal Highness Archduke Otto of Austria. I think that for French nationalists the problem of Charles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de Gaulle is above all a problem of political morality.

In essence, the question which must be answered is whether it is possible to reach for power with assurances that you will carry out certain policies and pledge yourself to these policies before the people at large and the soldiers in the field, and then to break your promise, to condemn those who have believed in you, to throw into prison those who have followed the path you mapped out for them—and after this to deserve the respect due to a normal chief of state. The question which must be answered is whether duplicity and fraud are honorable procedures of government.

That Algeria would invariably be lost was not the opinion of any of the generals who served as commanders-in-chief in that theater of operations, from Salan to Challe, or of any of the civil governors who administered the territory, from Soustelle to Robert Lacoste. The innumerable officers who have preferred prison to dishonor do not share this point of view either. They believed they could not abandon the men whom, on order of the government of Charles de Gaulle, they had trained, committed to the fight, led into combat. The blood of more than ten thousand *harkis* [Moslem auxiliary troops] tortured to death since the Evian agreement testifies to the attachment of French Moslem troops to their country.

Having been in Cuba for the last three months, I cannot evaluate the exact situation and the true force of the Communist Party in France. It would seem, though, that to confront this Party, whose vitality and electoral strength have not been impaired, there exists in France today only the UNR [Gaullist party] which is linked unconditionally to a mortal man. This is not in my opinion a satisfactory situation.

Paris JEAN-MARC DUFOUR

In Defense Of (cont.)

Richard Weaver's review of Frank Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom* [Dec. 4] solves fairly well the problem of dealing with a masterwork, but in one detail it seems to me the reviewer misinterpreted Meyer's position. Weaver says, "Yet if these New Conservatives go too far with the idea of community, Mr. Meyer does not concede some of the benefit which is plainly there. His position is a long step in the direction of Thoreau's anarchic individualism. . . ."

Not so. Let me list the instances in which Meyer pays attention to the demands of space, time, and circumstance, otherwise called "community" or "tradition." Herewith Meyer: ". . . a due respect for the fundamental moral knowledge of ends and values incorporated in tradition . . ." (page 11); ". . . the primary mode of achieving understanding in the study of man, more particularly in moral and political enquiry, is the use of reason operating within and upon tradition . . ." (page 23); "the art of politics at its best is guided by fundamental principle, but operates by judgment, by prudence" (page 24); ". . . reason, operating against the background of tradition . . ." (page 41); ". . . in the immense flow of tradition, there are in fact diverse elements that must be distinguished on a principled basis and considered in their relationship to present realities . . ." (page 44); "freedom can and may be in accord with social order; it can and may be in disaccord . . . it all hangs upon the character of the social order" (page 59); "the problem rather is *what* political order, in the circumstances of any given place and era . . ." (page 65); ". . . prudential considerations require what the pure philosophical concept of rights cannot brook: that the absolute ideal of the rights of the person must be and will be modified in actual historical existence . . ." (page 74); "the intricate fibres of tradition and civilization, carried in the minds of men from generation to generation, always affect the realization of any general principle . . ." (page 76); "between the Scylla of abstract application of reason or scientific method (without prudential consideration of circumstance) and the Charybdis of unquestioning reliance on what is (which exalts expedience far above reason), the course to be steered is a difficult one" (page 77); "community [should be] understood [as] the voluntary association of individual human beings in the myriad of relationships that are available for each person to choose or to reject in a free society" (page 140); "the West . . . has held in shimmering tension the authority of truth and the freedom of men. It has done so . . . by recognizing the absolute authority of truth in the intellectual and spiritual realm, while at the same time remaining

Speaking Up • • •

Ernest van den Haag, whose new book, *Passion and Social Constraint*, will be published this spring, is a practicing psychoanalyst as well as a scholar and lecturer. A Professor of Social Philosophy at New York University and a Lecturer at the New School for Social Research, Dr. van den Haag has written and contributed to five books and has written for Harper's, Partisan Review, Commentary, Commonweal, National Review and many scholarly publications in this country and Europe.

His lecture topics include: *Katanga: The U.S. and the U.N., Economic Utopias and Realities: Marxism, Planning and Freedom, What Democracy Is Not, The Limits of Free Speech: Is It Democratic To Tolerate Communism?, Religion And Democracy, Will The Poor Always Be With Us?* and any other topic within the sphere of his competence.

Dr. van den Haag will be in the Midwest and Texas in March, the South in April and Iowa and Texas in May. If your university or club would like to hear Dr. van den Haag, won't you write?

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: L. Brent Bozell, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William Rickenbacker and William A. Rusher.

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
528 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At the accession of George III (1760), the manufacture of cotton supported hardly more than 40,000 persons; but since machines have been invented by means of which one worker can produce as much yarn as 200 or 300 persons could at that time, and one person can print as much material as could 100 persons at that time, 1,500,000 or 37 times as many as formerly can now earn their bread from this work.

And yet there are still many, even scholars and members of Parliament, who are so ignorant or so blinded by prejudice as to raise a pathetic lament over the increase and spread of the manufacturing system. . . .

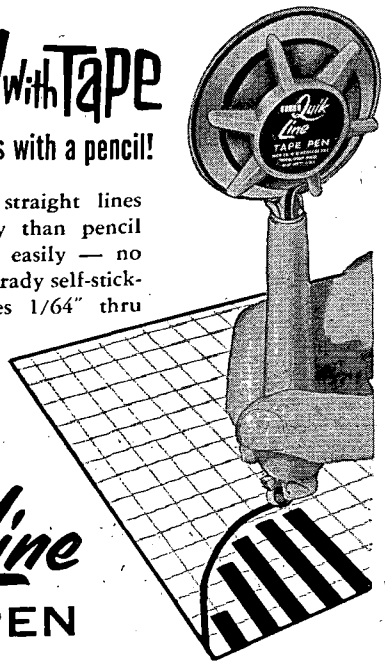
These people appear to cherish the absurd opinion that if there were no machines, manufacture would really give employment to as many millions as now; nor do they reflect that the whole of Europe would be inadequate for all this work; and that in that case a fifth of the whole population would need to be occupied with cotton spinning alone."

Edward Baines, History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, 1835

NOW DRAW WITH TAPE

As easily as with a pencil!

Draw circles, curves, straight lines faster, more accurately than pencil or ink. Changes made easily — no clean up. Pen applies Brady self-sticking precision slit tapes 1/64" thru 1/4" wide. Change colors or tape widths in 20 seconds. $19.75 for this precision instrument.



BRADY Quik Line TAPE PEN

Recommended for PRINTED CIRCUIT MASTER • CHARTS AND GRAPHS • OFFICE AND PLANT LAYOUTS • MAPS • DRAWINGS • ARTWORK • PHOTO NEGATIVES • TECHNICAL ILLUSTRATIONS • DISPLAY WORK

Write for illustrated catalog, stock tapes and prices:

1225

W. H. BRADY CO.

719 W. Glendale Avenue • Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914

aware of the contingency of institutions in the social realm and their consequent subordination to the transcendent value of the person" (page 143); "the guardians . . . to whom the West has always given its final deference . . . have been the learned, the priestly, the prophetic, skilled in the tradition . . ." (page 144).

So I think it's not strictly fair for Professor Weaver to charge Meyer with taking "a long step in the direction of Thoreau's anarchic individualism."

Los Angeles, Calif. D. A. BERTRAND

Socialized Prayer?

Senator Goldwater has observed that welfare must be "a private concern . . . promoted by individuals and families, churches . . . religious service organizations" and similar private groups, and that government involvement (*e.g.*, in education) inevitably leads to government control.

It is puzzling, therefore, that Senator Goldwater, NATIONAL REVIEW, and other conservatives favor government involvement in religion, and would have Boards of Education, principals, or even individual teachers telling our children what prayers to say and how to say them. Why should religion be the one area that is *not* "a private concern," and free of "collectivist" determination? How can true conservatives favor state-written, state-selected, state-directed prayers? In short, how can you in good conscience support Socialized Religion?

MONROE H. FREEDMAN
Assoc. Prof. of Law
George Washington Univ.
Washington, D. C.

If you have public schools, you have public control. If the people are going to run the schools, they have the right to decide what will be taught in them. Now if the Professor wants to abolish public schools . . . —ED.

Ellsworth Objectivity

I had occasion to read Mr. Ellsworth's little treatise on the American Right referred to by Russell Kirk [Nov. 20]. I had been seduced into purchasing and reading it by its widely publicized claim of objectivity. The author has collected every nutty pamphlet of every village axegrinder and racist in the Republic, and into this cauldron of insanity he poured the priceless works and ideas of America's great conservatives.

Washington, D. C. RICHARD S. WHEELER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

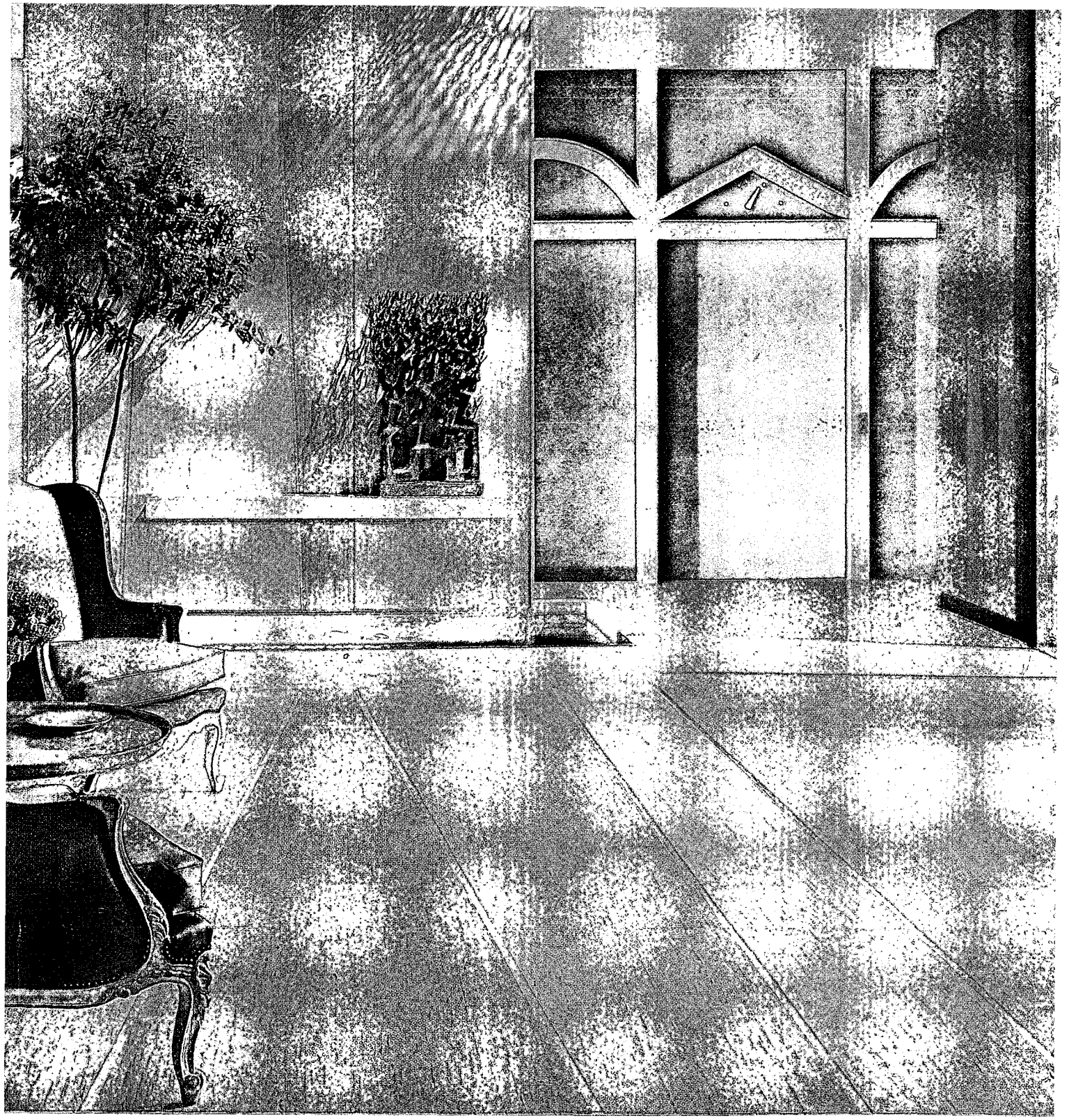
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK.

SOLITUDE

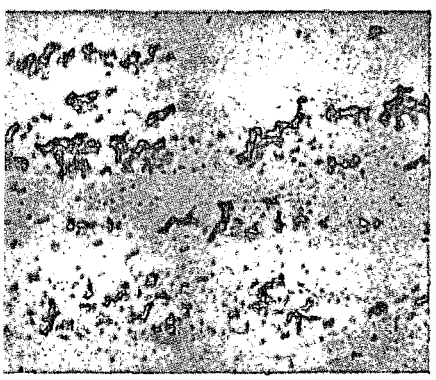
This is a private affair . . .
. . . the rapport between the perceptive . . .
. . . and the perceived . . .
. . . between artist . . .
. . . and critic.
She sharpens her eye in museum and art gallery . . .
. . . sharpens her ear at concert and opera . . .
. . . sharpens her mind on books and magazines.
These are *all* private affairs, with concentration at its keenest . . .
. . . absorption at its peak.
Solitary . . .
. . . but not alone. Her friends are interesting . . . her family stimulating. She enjoys the exhilaration that stems from sharing ideas and thoughts and opinions.
Within these pages, she finds information and products that quicken her imaginative senses . . .
. . . and satisfy her quest for intellectual challenge.
She's a thought and opinion leader . . .
. . . and she reads this magazine, just as you do.

MAGAZINES... *your world of ideas and products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Floors and walls of this dramatic lobby in new Kentile Travertine Solid Vinyl Tile. Colors: Off White, Forum Grey, and Natural Beige, with contrasting Hot Canary feature strips. Black Wall Base is KenCove® Vinyl.



Section of Vinyl Travertine—actual size.

***New Kentile Vinyl Travertine** gives you all of Travertine Marble's classic beauty at surprisingly low cost. Subtle veining and pitted texture are true to nature. Greaseproof, easy to clean, need not be waxed . . . ideal for heavy traffic areas. 6 colors. See the Yellow Pages under "Floors" for your Kentile Dealer.**

**Or consult your architect, builder, or decorator.*

VINYL KENTILE FLOORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED